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CANADIAN JOURNAL OF THE HUMANITIES

DONALD CREIGHTON — Towards the Discovery of Canada

BOYD NEEL — Mozart: A Bicentenary Tribute

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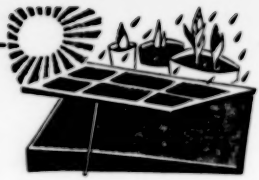

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# Towards the Discovery of Canada

*Donald Creighton*

"Non-fiction" is an inelegant and unflattering description, invented no doubt by librarians, which is firmly established in Canadian usage. The literary journals of Great Britain and western Europe still attempt to be more discriminating. In their old-fashioned and pedantic way, they go on recognizing the separate categories of history, biography, politics, economics and world affairs; but in Canada these refined European distinctions are cheerfully disregarded. A survey of Canadian literature, by Canadians, normally begins with an article on Canadian poetry, which is followed immediately by an article on the Canadian novel; and then everything that is left over, philosophy, history, economics, as well as literary and art criticism, is swept summarily into a huge residual heap, labelled "remaining material." Poetry and fiction are, of course, "creative." But the claims of "remaining material" to this proud distinction are regarded, in Canada, as decidedly more dubious. A few small items in the vast, amorphous mass of "non-fiction" may be accepted as "creative," but only on the inflexibly enforced condition that they have not been written by members of universities. Works by members of universities are in all cases dismissed as "academic"; and in Canada, as in other parts of the English-speaking world, "academic" is very definitely a pejorative word.

It may be worth while to lift Canadian history and Canadian work in the social sciences out of the undifferentiated mass of "remaining material" for a brief inspection. In Canada, as in the United Kindom and the United States, sales of novels have been steadily declining; and throughout the English-speaking world, poetry has become almost unsaleable. The calamity which has overtaken creative literature in the post-war years may have a number of causes; but a satisfactory explanation cannot be found in the alleged decline of reading or in the supposed transfer of interest from the book to other forms of com-

munication. The misfortunes of creative literature are its own; and the uncreative rejects of "non-fiction" are enjoying what, in the twentieth century, is an unprecedented vogue. Canadian historians and writers in the social sciences have had their own small share of the benefits of this mysterious shift in popular favour. They have always had a good deal to say for themselves; but they now find that their books are more readily published and even frequently read. Can it be that the contributors to "remaining material" have something to say to their fellow Canadians that the contemporary poets and novelists are incapable of saying? Have they succeeded more fully in interpreting Canadian experience? Have they, within the limits of their subject-matter, done more to enable Canadians to understand themselves and their world?

It may very possibly be so. Certainly the writings of Canadian historians and social scientists supply a candid and painfully revealing record of the development of the colonial mind. And, to a large extent, the fidelity of the record is to be explained by the very narrowness of their approach. Every author, in every country, is subject to the egocentric delusions born of his time and place. But the writer in a colony approaching nationhood is under a special compulsion to be parochial. He knows very well that if he attempts subjects of international significance, the outside world will very probably not pay the slightest attention to him. Great authors are normally born in great countries; great literary reputations are the product of great communications systems; and fine writing is a function of power politics. It was only a few years ago that the editors of a majestic English university press explained with complacent candour to a Canadian scholar that his book would almost certainly be damned if he committed the ghastly error of confessing, on its title page, that he was a member of a Canadian university. A writer in a young country has to be very good indeed before he will even be granted that brief perfunctory hearing—that species of literary "children's hour" which comes only at the very end of an exhausting day devoted to serious writing and high scholarship. A writer from a young country will find it extraordinarily difficult to break into those great-power literary monopolies which are guarded so vigilantly and tenaciously by the thoughtful little groups of friends and acquaintances who do each other's reviewing in the literary capitals of the Western world.

And in the meantime, while his application for admission into these imperialistic literary preserves is being subjected to such a frigid scrutiny, the writer of a young country will find that his own nation is

clamouring for interpretation. Only very infrequently will scholars from other parts of the Western world give any real help towards satisfying this instinctive demand. Once the young country has ceased to be a recognized dependency open for imperial exploitation, they will quickly lose interest in it; and their curiosity will not revive until the young country has grown to be a very considerable power in its own right. In the meantime, scholars and journalists from the outside world will visit it only occasionally, on journeys undertaken with the inducement of substantial expense accounts; and what will interest and impress them most will not, in the main, be the signs of the new nation's increasing cultivation, but the evidences which will confirm them in their assumption of its continuing barbarism and primitiveness. The prestige of great literary empires requires the existence of a rude intellectual hinterland, a recognized literary "external proletariat," just as the military might of the great modern power blocks depends upon the submissive adhesion of young undeveloped countries which can be induced to believe that it is a privilege to have their policies controlled and their natural resources ransacked by others. A half-century ago, the prairie west was the only part of Canada in which Europe and America had much interest; but now, of course, the north has become the fashionable area for literary and economic exploitation. If a Canadian novelist wishes to sell his wares in England, he would be well advised to dress his characters in Eskimo parkas; and a Canadian economist, seeking an attentive audience among the entrepreneurs and cold-war strategists of the United States, could do no better than to devote himself to Canada's great northland, the arsenal of Western democracy.

These highly selective approaches may occasionally flatter a Canadian; but mainly they leave him bewildered and annoyed. He remains profoundly, angrily dissatisfied with the treatment that he receives from his more powerful neighbours; and it is this dissatisfaction, this hungry urge towards greater self-knowledge, that Canadian writers find themselves both persuaded and compelled to appease. It is mercifully true, of course, that this task has never absorbed all their energies: their preoccupation with continental Canada has never converted them into cultural isolationists. Charles Cochrane's *Christianity and Classical Culture* and A. S. P. Woodhouse's *Puritanism and Liberty* are both contributions on the highest level to studies which are the common concern of the whole of western Europe and America; and Alexander Brady's *Democracy in the Dominions* deals not merely with Canada but with all the senior nations of the British Commonwealth. These are dis-

tinguished pieces of work; but they are also distinguishable from the great mass of Canadian writing in history and the social sciences by their subject-matter. The main concern of Canadian writers is Canada: they are volunteers or conscripts in the service of national self-realization and self-determination.

Subject-matter, however, is not the only thing they have in common. To a very large extent they also share a common method. Their first, instinctive approach to any question is historical. They are concerned with developments in a given time and place which they regard as distinctive, if not unique. They have so far given relatively little time to theory, to the search for regularities, uniformities, recurrences, to the formulation of laws and the elaboration of systems. In Canada, economists are very frequently economic historians; and B. S. Keirstead's contributions to economic theory are clearly exceptional. A political scientist like R. M. Dawson might quite reasonably be described as a Canadian constitutional historian: and the sociologist S. D. Clark has departed so completely from the comparative methods prescribed for the Logical Positivists that at times he might be pardonably mistaken for a social historian. History has dominated, if it has not overwhelmed, the social sciences; and economists, sociologists and political scientists have taken their places alongside historians in a vast co-operative effort to explain to their fellow Canadians how they have come to be what, and where, they are.

## II

Canada, like other nations which have emerged from colonialism, has, as the main theme of its development, a great, simple, archetypal plot. And the title, *Colony to Nation*, of A. R. M. Lower's recent general history of Canada, states this plot with classic simplicity. Canada, in short, is the outcome of an encounter between the two forces of nationality and imperialism; and Canadian history is the record of the struggle—prolonged, difficult, but noble—by which Canadians have ascended from the lowly status of dependent colonialism to the serene heights of autonomous nationhood. The fable is basically a simple one; but the early nationalist Canadian historians—G. M. Wrong, Chester Martin and R. G. Trotter—perceived that its enactment in Canada was full of complexities. They saw that the achievement of Canadian nationality was a dual, not a single, process. They did not make the mistake of identifying national autonomy simply and exclusively with emancipation from British control; and they realized that the maintenance of a sepa-

rate political existence in a continent dominated by the United States was a more important and more difficult achievement. In other words, there had been two goals of nationhood, not one; and the methods by which they had been attained differed profoundly. Autonomy inside the British Empire-Commonwealth had been acquired by a peaceful, gradual process of compromise and adjustment. A separate political existence in North America had been won at the cost of two armed struggles, the American Revolutionary War and the War of 1812.

It was not long, however, before Canadian writers began to be dissatisfied with this specifically Canadian version of the fable of nationality against imperialism. It was, they considered, too complicated. It lacked immediate popular appeal. It differed regrettably from the immensely fashionable drama on the same subject which had been playing to crowded houses in the United States ever since 1776. The American version, considered as a tribal myth, was infinitely superior. In it there were no complications, subtleties, and compromises. There was simply a straightforward, knock-down conflict between liberty and tyranny, progress and reaction, good and evil. A single hero, democratic virtue embodied in the revolting Thirteen Colonies, confronted a single villain, Great Britain, steeped to the lips in the iniquities of autocratic imperialism. Here, surely, was the prototype, the pattern, the model of all subsequent re-enactments of the stupendous encounter between imperialism and nationality. Here was orthodoxy; and any departures from its sacred simplicity were to be regarded with suspicion and disfavour. Had not the Canadians erred in fondly imagining that they could have their own distinctively Canadian version of the truth about colonies? Were not they guilty of a serious democratic deviation?

Some such impression began to extend its influence over Canadian writers in the brave days when that squat knight-errant, Mackenzie King, was breaking the last fetters which bound Canada to British policy. Great Britain, it was now realized, was and always had been the real opponent of Canadian nationalism. The only really serious struggle which Canada had had to wage had been the struggle to win autonomy inside the British Empire; and the achievement and maintenance of a separate political existence on the North American continent had been, by contrast, an easy and almost perfunctory affair. Statements about the "century of peace" and the "three thousand miles of undefended frontier" underwent the process of transmutation from after-dinner pleasantries into great historical truths. A new and exclusive sense of identity with North America, of community inside North America, began to

affect Canadian writing. A new generation of journalists and publicists arose to extol the self-sufficiency and normality of Canada's Americanism. Canadians were perhaps slightly retarded, but potentially as good, Americans as their cousins south of the international boundary; and Canada was a normal, respectable American community, virtually indistinguishable from the United States. The two countries were, in fact, children of the same parents, who had passed through similar stages of development and endured similar tribulations. They had, of course, had frightful difficulties with the "old folks," but they had always got on exceedingly well themselves.

Even the series of volumes, sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and edited by Dr. James T. Shotwell under the general title, "The Relations of Canada and the United States" was affected, to some extent at least, by the prevalence and popularity of these views. These twenty-five volumes, most of which appeared in the years immediately before the Second World War, embodied some of the best Canadian scholarship of the last quarter-century. Canadian social scientists and historians—H. F. Angus, G. P. deT. Glazebrook, F. Landon, H. A. Innis and A. R. M. Lower in particular—made a notable contribution to the series; but it was a contribution which was concentrated upon certain areas of Canadian-American relations and which almost completely neglected others. There were, for example, several volumes on the diplomatic relations between the two countries; and it was an odd but perhaps not entirely insignificant fact that all these volumes, without exception, were written either by native Americans or by Canadians born who had become permanent residents of the United States. The Canadians themselves were complacently uninterested in the long and acrimonious struggle by which Canada, with essential British assistance, had maintained its separateness in the North American continent. They took their political survival for granted, as something which just occurred, not as something which had had to be won; and they tended to look upon the occupation and exploitation of the continent, not in terms of competition and conflict, but as a peaceful and co-operative process in which the international boundary had played a very insignificant part. *The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples* was the title of the volume which M. L. Hansen and J. B. Brebner contributed to the Canadian-American Relations Series: and in it the settlement of Canada was regarded simply as a subordinate but integral part of the occupation of North America as a continental whole. To the student of population, Professor Brebner remarked in

another essay, "the settled regions of Canada . . . appear on the whole to be outward projections of the settled regions of the United States . . . rather than as interlocked units of a separate people which has systematically expanded its occupation from Atlantic to Pacific."

The Canadians were not a separate people; the North Americans were one great big happy family. It would be unneighbourly to give any very serious consideration to the international boundary, and it would be highly unnatural, not to say indecent, to presume to regard the United States for one moment as an aggressive, imperialistic power in North America. The only aggressive imperialistic power with which Canada had ever had anything to do was of course Great Britan; and the only important theme in Canadian history was the heroic struggle between legitimate colonial demand on the one hand and obscurantist imperial resistance on the other. In the 1920's and 1930's, with the publication of the Balfour Report and the passage of the Statute of Westminster, the principle of Dominion or national status was obviously approaching its apotheosis. Autonomy in domestic affairs had been long ago obtained; freedom in external relations had now been secured; and Canada's foreign policy, liberated from the entangling meshes of British imperialistic power politics, soared upward, in a somewhat uncertain but surely edifying fashion, heavenwards. The whole thing was clearly a miracle; and a little group of devoted hagiographers now appeared to record the saintly lives and the pious episodes by which the miracle had been brought to pass. There were lawyers and civil servants, such as O. D. Skelton, the author of *The Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier*; there were journalists like John W. Dafoe, who wrote *Canada an American Nation* and *Laurier, a Study in Canadian Politics*; there were political scientists such as R. M. Dawson and R. A. MacKay. Professor Dawson's book, *The Development of Dominion Status*, was really a collection of documents; but beneath the academic restraint of its lengthy introduction there swells irrepressibly that note of moral indignation and moral unction with which a righteous man records the reclamation of a naturally innocent soul from undesirable associates and wicked courses.

## III

The Canadian version of the great fable of nationality versus imperialism had thus been purged of its errors and heresies. Its scribes had become resolutely anti-British and complacently pro-American. The political scientists and the political historians were the first to be

affected, for Dominion status was outwardly a political achievement; but the influence of the new attitude and the new outlook did not stop here. It spread rapidly and pervasively over a wide range of Canadian writing in history and the social sciences. Canada, after all, had not simply proclaimed that she was a sovereign North American state: she had also announced, as an essential part of the publicity campaign, that she was a typical North American community. The independence which had been declared had an economic, social and intellectual significance, as well as a political and constitutional meaning. "Britain Overseas," if it had ever been true of the Dominion in the past, was true no longer. The Canadian demand for nationhood was solidly rooted in the native North American environment. It found its complete justification in the North American way of life.

Here, of course, was a much more fundamental break with the past. During the nineteenth century the Canadians had had the best of reasons for assuming that they were part of a general West European-American civilization; and, if they had ever stopped to theorize about the matter, they would doubtless have reached the unremarkable conclusion that British North America was the outcome of an encounter between the West European inheritance and the North American environment. In the 1920's and 1930's, however, these old-fashioned opinions began to be regarded as painful evidences of the continuance of the colonial mind. The Canadian historians and social scientists, like the Canadian journalists and politicians, sought instinctively to depress the importance of Europe as the source of Western civilization and to exalt the creative power of North America. North America was single, self-sufficient and all-powerful. North America had become a faith; and what was needed was a cultural Book of Genesis which could serve as a first chapter in the new religion's Holy Writ.

Where was such a Book of Genesis to be found? The Canadians did not have to continue their search very long, for they found, as was to be expected, that an American prophet had supplied them with the required article. His name was Frederick Jackson Turner, and he and his overzealous disciples among them had elaborated what came to be called the Frontier Thesis. From the point of view of a North America eager to be assured of its intellectual independence and cultural creativity, no more completely satisfying doctrine could possibly have been invented. It did not simply amend or qualify the old view of the outward movement of civilization; it exactly reversed it. The source of inspiration and action was found not at the centre, but at the periphery,

of Western culture. The frontier, "the hither edge of free land," was "the greatest formative influence" in American history. Out of the frontier had come American individualism, freedom, egalitarianism, adaptability, vigour and idealism. The frontier had created the institutions, convictions, and habits which were most characteristic of America. The west, in short, had made Americans out of Europeans. The west was the real America. It was the true source of the American way of life.

The Frontier Thesis—which may be regarded as an American version of the eighteenth-century doctrine of the Noble Savage—was to have a profound influence on Canadian writing in history and the social sciences. And one of its first and most obvious functions was to help to awaken interest in the Canadian northwest as a region for study. No encouragement could have come more pat. During the first two decades of the twentieth century, the west had gone through the vast disturbance of occupation and commercial exploitation; and it now lay waiting, a community which had endured the first terrible phase of its existence, and was ready for examination and interpretation. Canadian writers accepted its challenge very readily. Just as the new-found sense of community in North America had helped to inspire that enormous scholarly undertaking, "The Relations of Canada and the United States," so the exciting experience of the discovery of the West found expression in another great collective enterprise, "Canadian Frontiers of Settlement," edited by W. A. Mackintosh and W. L. G. Joerg. The first volume in the series, *Prairie Settlement: The Geographical Setting*, was the work of the Canadian editor, W. A. Mackintosh. The sociologists, led by C. A. Dawson, made a notable contribution; and there were volumes by such veteran Canadian economists and historians as H. A. Innis, Chester Martin, A. R. M. Lower, and A. S. Morton. It was the most important, but by no means the only, expression of that absorbed concentration which Canadian scholars had developed in the northwest. D. A. MacGibbon examined the workings of the Canadian grain trade; G. E. Britnell began his studies of the wheat economy; and a group of still younger writers found fascinating themes in the growth of such typically western political movements as the United Farmers, the Progressive Party, and Social Credit. In short order, the west became the most fashionable subject in Canadian scholarship. The universities and the great foundations were ready to pour money into such studies; Canadian historians and social scientists were eagerly prepared to lavish time upon them. So far as scholarship was concerned, the west had become a "have" rather than a "have not" region.

But this was not all. The west was not only a geographic area superlatively worthy of study; it was also, as Turner and his disciples had proved, the inspiration of an historical philosophy and the source of a set of value judgments. The west was important because it was the last manifestation of the frontier; and in Canadian, as well as in American, history the frontier had been a great, if not the greatest, formative influence. The frontier was the energizing source of the sound, progressive, democratic forces in the Canadian community. It explained almost everything in the country's development—everything, in particular, which looked new, dynamic, and vaguely forward-looking. North American democracy, on both sides of the international boundary, was largely "forest-born"; every Canadian radical party was discovered to be an expression of the frontier in Canadian politics. The frontier explained W. L. Mackenzie and the rebellions of 1837; it explained the rise of the Clear Grits in the 1850's; and when, with the beginning of the twentieth century, political radicalism winged its way out to the prairies, the frontier was once again produced as an explanation of this last and presumably final Canadian manifestation of the reforming spirit. W. L. Morton's *The Progressive Party in Canada* emphasized the western origins of the movement and found in Progressivism "the latest upsurge of agrarian and frontier democracy." Canadian social scientists, in short, had become environmentalists; and they had identified national progress with the advance of the agrarian frontier.

The Frontier Thesis, of course, had been based upon the idea of conflict. That was why it had been such a useful doctrine in the narration of the great struggle between nationality and imperialism. In frontier mythology, the edge of settlement was invariably pitted against the centre of civilization; the virtuous west, the source of progressive, egalitarian and democratic forces, was confronted by the sinister east, the home of privilege, reaction and exploitation. This conception of a terrific moral conflict had first been pressed into service to dignify the story of British North America's struggle with the imperial government; but it was quickly seen that the fulfilment of this prime function did not exhaust its usefulness. Canada as a whole was obviously more righteous than Great Britain: but western Canada—the area which the frontier had reached at any given moment of time—was also and unquestionably better than the Canadian east. The Hudson's Bay Company might be a great, monopolistic fur-trading organization; but in A. S. Morton's *History of the Canadian West to 1870–71*, there was no question of its moral superiority over the commercial corporations

and governments of Montreal and Ottawa. The Red River Rebellion and the Northwest Rebellion might be somewhat dubious revolts and Louis Riel an equivocal hero; but even in the pages of such a scholarly study as G. F. G. Stanley's *The Birth of Western Canada*, the resistance of the *métis* against a harsh, dilatory and niggardly government began to take on a pathetic grandeur.

This application of the Frontier Thesis to Canadian domestic affairs was accomplished smoothly and with little apparent confusion. Of course there were changes. There had to be. But the changes, though drastic, were astonishingly few. Ottawa was quickly substituted for London as a metropolitan centre. The federal cabinet was summarily placed in the unsympathetic position which had just been vacated by the British government; and Macdonald, Laurier and Borden, who had been received with acclaim as the intrepid defenders of insurgent Canadian nationalism and self-government, were now abruptly required to adopt the unpleasant rôle of the imperialistic ogres whom they had been defying with resounding applause only a little while before. These sudden changes might have bewildered a more sophisticated audience. A sophisticated audience might have been affronted by elements of unreality in the performance. But the steady supporters of Canadian historical melodrama were not disturbed at all. For they knew the good old plot and the good old plot remained the same. Here once again was the affecting North American morality play of the vigorous and progressive west triumphing over the effete and reactionary east. The Frontier Thesis had become a formula, a stereotype, worn down and greasy: but it had left a lasting mark on Canadian thought. It had made popular a simple-minded environmentalist method, a parochial, self-regarding nationalist feeling, and a suspicious, isolationist attitude to the rest of the world.

## IV

To a very large extent, it was H. A. Innis who freed Canadian writing in history and the social sciences from these narrow restrictions. Innis was an economist, an economic historian; and in the existing circumstances his special approach gave him a definite advantage. He was not likely to be much affected by the romantic nationalistic assumptions which so easily coloured the views of the historians and political scientists; he would not be irresistibly impelled to produce a Hollywood Western out of Canadian settlement or a Cavalcade out of the upward and onward march towards Dominion status. The fashionable academic

game of making new tribal lays out of old tribal myths did not greatly interest him; and the grandiose conception of a new and greater civilization arising from the mystic union of Nationality and the North American Environment did not, curiously enough, become the inspiration of his thoughts. Instead he devoted himself to the outwardly prosaic business of examining the successive staple trades and industries by which British North Americans had supported the burden of existence in the new world. He went from furs to fisheries and from fisheries to wood-pulp, paper, printing and the "communication industries" which it sustains. Each of his three greatest books brought its own kind of enlargement to the field of Canadian studies. *The Fur Trade in Canada* traced the rise and fall of the first truly transcontinental organization in Canadian history. *The Cod Fisheries*, with its significant sub-title, *The History of an International Economy*, brought the whole of the North Atlantic within the limits of Canadian interest; and *Empire and Communications*, which began with Egyptian papyrus and ended with twentieth century wood-pulp, placed the Canadian newsprint industry in a setting which was vast in space and deep in time.

Innis succeeded more than any other writer of the twentieth century in giving both breadth and depth to Canadian studies in history and the social sciences. Here he performed an enormous general service; but at the same time he also made a special contribution which, in the existing Canadian preoccupation with the twin concepts of nationality and environment, had a more precise and immediate value. A large part of Innis's work was a criticism, express or implied, of the fashionable notion that Canadian nationality had had only one goal—the achievement of autonomy inside the British Empire—and only one opponent—the imperial government of Great Britain. He reintroduced the idea of competition, of rivalry in North America. He broke down the conception of the continent as a geographic unit, an undivided whole. In his view, the main influential lines of its geography did not run north and south; economically, Canada was not simply an unrelated series of northern projections of the main economic regions of the United States. On the contrary, the Dominion had its economic basis in a great competitive east-west trading system, based upon the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, which had been extended westward from Montreal and which had as its aim the winning of a politico-economic empire in the heart of the continent.

The commercial empire of the St. Lawrence was at once a transcontinental and a transoceanic system. One end of its long trading line

lay in the North American west, the other in the commercial capitals of Europe. The frontier was important, but so also was the metropolitan centre; and both New France and British North America had been dependent upon the markets, commercial organizations, and military and naval power of their respective mother countries. The St. Lawrence became a pathway by which men, and capital, and goods were brought outward from the centre to the limits of Western civilization. Europe and Great Britain were the sources of ideas, enterprises and creative power; and for Canada, engaged in an unequal struggle with a North American power vastly greater than herself, the assistance which Great Britain could bring was an absolute essential. Help could alone bring success: help was necessary to ensure mere survival; and Canada remained British, not by accident or through sentiment, but by reason of its own strongest impulse and deepest necessity. For Canada the imperial connection was not a family relationship which had ended in a row with the approach of colonial maturity; it was a partnership which had been maintained in large measure for practical reasons and chiefly at the instance of the junior member of the association. The drama of nationality versus imperialism, in the original "American" version, had never been re-enacted in Canada at all.

Innis founded a new school of Canadian scholars and provided a new framework for Canadian studies in history and the social sciences. It began to be appreciated that the attainment of Dominion status was not the sole end of man, and that everything bright and beautiful in North America was not necessarily "forest-born." Writers lifted their eyes from their absorbed, almost Buddha-like contemplation of the interior of the continent and became aware of the fact that they were members of a great civilization which for long generations had had its focus in western Europe. In the case of Innis himself, this widening of the intellectual horizon had strikingly revealed itself in the vast extension of the range of his studies; and at least a few of his followers were similarly inspired to pursue new themes in strange climes and past ages. But this enlargement of the scope of Canadian studies was not the most immediate or, perhaps, the most important, evidence of Innis's influence. Canada remained the main subject of Canadian scholars; but they attacked it now in a fashion which began significantly to alter. They were less inclined to rely upon exclusively "American" methods of interpretation. They were less parochial in outlook, less nationalistic in spirit, less environmentalist in approach.

The series of volumes edited by S. D. Clark under the general title

"Social Credit in Alberta: Its Background and Development" is, of course, another large-scale co-operative venture devoted to the Canadian west. It attempts to do for a single western political movement what "Frontiers of Settlement" did for the west as a whole; and as a result, a small bit of the frontier is being examined on an unprecedented and impressive scale. Yet the treatment differs from that of the earlier series: the Albertan experiment is placed in a wider setting of political experience and political and economic theory; the frontier hypothesis is either modified or, in the case of C. B. Macpherson's *Democracy in Alberta*, tacitly dismissed. And, in the meantime, while the sacred west was being regarded with this detachment and sophistication, another group of scholars was rediscovering the North Atlantic and the world that lay beyond. Innis's *The Cod Fisheries* extended the frontiers of British North America not westward, but eastward, over a vast area of international competition and conflict; and the military and naval historians C. P. Stacey and G. S. Graham saw Canada as part of an imperial defence system based on transoceanic and intercontinental strategy. Even the Canadian-American Relations Series, that characteristic expression of North America's sense of isolation and self-sufficiency, had a curious and unexpected ending in the publication of J. B. Brebner's *North Atlantic Triangle: The Interplay of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain.* Brebner, as he explained in his preface, had begun with the intention of setting forth the interplay between Canada and the United States; but in the end he had come to the conclusion that "these activities could not be explained in merely North American terms." This realization of the inadequacy of a purely North American interpretation of the relations of two North American powers was a significant indication of a new and different trend of thought. A fundamental change of attitude had, in fact, taken place. Canadian scholars had made a rediscovery of Europe; and in the process they had gone a long way towards discovering Canada itself.

# Mozart: A Bicentenary Tribute

*Boyd Neel*

I suppose that nine out of ten musicians, on being asked whom they consider to be the greatest genius in the history of music, would answer "Mozart." Yet, if a random observer were to ask ten people on the street whom they considered to be the greatest, I doubt whether one would give that composer's name. The answer would probably be Handel, Bach, Beethoven or Schubert. Can we draw any significant conclusion from this? Perhaps a personal experience may be of help. During my youth in England I heard all kinds of music—good, bad and indifferent. Gradually I acquired discrimination, and began to realize who, among composers, were the giants and who the smaller fry. The only famous composer about whom I could not make up my mind was Mozart. It was difficult to hear much of his music in England in those days and, apart from the last symphonies and a few performances of *Figaro*, he was seldom performed. He was virtually unknown until Sir Thomas Beecham started reviving the operas and playing some of the earlier symphonies. Not that Mozart's eclipse can be compared in any way with that of Bach, who was completely forgotten until the middle of the nineteenth century. But the greater part of his work remained unplayed and the feeling was that here we had a composer whom children could appreciate easily and who wrote charming little tunes which were easy to whistle.

The revelation came to me about thirty years ago. I was spending the summer in Munich, filling in the time between medical exams with intensive musical study. The previous summer I had undergone a stiff course of Wagner in the same city and spent all my time at the Prince Regent Theatre, a twin of the Bayreuth Theatre, assisting at rehearsals and sitting in the orchestra pit at every performance. Mozart, I knew, was being performed at the Residenz Theatre, but I was not interested; I could think of nothing but Wagner. On this occasion, however, I

noticed that the great Richard Strauss himself would conduct several of the Mozart operas and that my favourite soprano, Elizabeth Schumann, would sing in them. I was looking forward to both rehearsals and performances with such artists, but, remembering previous disappointing experiences, the fact that the operas were Mozart's thrilled me not at all. I arrived in Munich on the day when *Cosi Fan Tutti* was to be performed there, however, and had no chance to attend any rehearsal.

Those who remember the Residenz Theatre in Munich (it was completely destroyed in the war) will agree that there has never been a more perfect setting for eighteenth-century opera. The tiny baroque auditorium, holding only six hundred people, had been perfectly preserved, but the stage had been modernized. Strauss entered, looking completely bored, as he always did when he conducted. He appeared hardly to move the entire evening. From the first notes of the Overture, I sat transfixed. I can remember no intermission. At the end, I still sat unable to move until an old attendant came and politely reminded me that the audience had departed. For days I could think of nothing else and realized that I had at last heard and seen Mozart performed in the correct style, with the result that the composer's real greatness was suddenly made apparent to me. The intimacy of the performance was a large factor in the over-all effect: Mozart cannot be performed effectively in large auditoriums. This has been one of the chief reasons why the Glyndebourne Opera House has become world famous. In that Mozartean shrine, holding less than a thousand people, you can today hear and see the operas performed in the correct traditional style. Size of performance is all important with Mozart: he is the most intimate of all great composers; that is why he will never be a popular composer in the sense that Beethoven and Handel are popular. Mass worship of Mozart is inconceivable. A Mozartean Bayreuth would be ludicrous.

What is this fascination he holds for musicians? In the first place, we have been given no key to the inner personality of the man himself. This may seem a startling statement concerning a composer who has hitherto always been regarded as one who revealed himself completely to posterity in the letters to his family. A superficial reading of the letters may give that impression, but, except in perhaps four or five instances, he has done no such thing. In fact, perusal of the letters will only heighten the mystery to a musician. As a documentary commentary on the life of the eighteenth century, and as a contemporary musician's view of the idiosyncrasies and failings of his colleagues, the letters are unsurpassed; but we are no nearer the secret of the music when we have

read them. We are offered a few glimpses, but these really only serve to confuse us all the more—for instance, the famous passage in the letter to his father: "Since death, when we come to consider it, is seen to be the true goal of our life, I have made acquaintance during these last few years with this best and truest friend of mankind, so that his image not only no longer has any terrors for me, but suggests, on the contrary, much that is reassuring and consoling. . . ." Then, later, in the same letter: "I never lie down upon my bed without reflecting that—young as I am—I may perhaps never see another day—and yet not one of those who know me can say I am morose or sad among my fellows." In these few sentences a corner of the veil is lifted for a second, but he is soon telling his cousin, in another letter, that he would love to be pinching a certain portion of her anatomy! Have we here then a clue to the man? This extraordinary preoccupation with death in a young and vigorous man of 31? Is this the drama underlying the music? This would explain the riddle of such works as *Cosi, The Magic Flute*, and the many instrumental movements which, although gay enough on the surface, keep reminding us of the depth of emotion which lies beneath. Is this music one long struggle to conceal?

We have no doubts about what kind of man Beethoven or Wagner was: we feel we know them almost as intimate friends and their music is completely descriptive of their characters. If their personalities had not been revealed to us by contemporary observers and their own writings, we should still know them through their music. But we cannot say the same about Mozart. Not only has the inner man never been revealed by any historian; it can only be guessed at from a study of the music.

To this day, *Cosi Fan Tutti* remains the supreme enigma of music, hence its endless fascination. On that evening in Munich, thirty or so years ago, I understood properly for the first time the oft-used phrase about great art being universal. What had, hitherto, seemed a trivial pantomime with some pleasant tunes attached, became, in the light of a perfect performance, all things combined: at one moment, apparently the wildest farce, set to music which plumbed the depths of human emotions; at another, seemingly serious drama, wedded to music of scintillating wit and flippancy. So varied are the emotions to which we are subjected by this extraordinary opera, that, by the end of a good performance, it seems that we have been through a lifetime of experience in a few hours. We may take one instance as an example. In the first act there is a scene of farewell as the two young men, ostensibly en route for military service, take leave of their sweethearts. In the background

the old cynic, Don Alfonso, mutters to himself. The dramatic situation is one of the highest farce—the mock anguish at leaving on the part of the men, the swooning of the two girls and the biting comments of the old roué all combine to produce something which should be uproariously funny. It is here, however, that Mozart upsets all our calculations. An ordinary composer would probably have set the scene to music as slight and amusing as the dramatic situation seems to demand, but instead Mozart writes a quintet of indescribable beauty, touching the very profundities of human emotion, and so, where we had been prepared to chuckle, we find ourselves ready to weep at the bitter-sweetness of the music. I suppose that it might be perfectly legitimate criticism to say that, if this is the case, the composer has set the scene badly. But this opera is full of similar situations and so are his other operas. When we have experienced this and accepted it, we perceive that we have here an art which is, as far as I know, unique, and of which we can never tire because its ultimate secret always eludes us.

To describe aesthetic experience, especially musical experience, in words, is wellnigh impossible, as the time-honoured dictum "music begins where words leave off" always reminds us. It is, however, necessary in discussing Mozart to make some sort of effort to analyse, because the very real difficulty of the analysis in his case helps us to be more aware of the enigma which the man was himself.

I have dwelt at some length on the riddle of *Cosi Fan Tutti* because it is an excellent example of the over-all mystery of this composer and illustrates very well the problem we are considering. What kind of man was Mozart? Could it have been that, in attempting to avoid wearing his heart on one sleeve, he inadvertently wore it on the other? There is always, as I see it, a fear of letting himself go, but, at the same time, a futile endeavour to prevent us seeing through the attempt to dissemble. Beethoven, as we all know, had his "unbuttoned moods" and they were frequent. Mozart never has even one button out of place. Everything has the perfection of form of classical architecture.

Yet, just as the Elgin Marbles teem with life, so Mozart's music is filled with an inner warmth and vital urge, despite its formal perfection. After all, there is no reason why classical art should always be considered "cold." The well-known definition of architecture as "frozen music" reflects this attitude and the two ideas have become indissolubly linked. The fact is, that composers since Mozart have lost the power of condensing their inspirations into formal molds. The romantic era broke out from the confines of what it regarded as its prison and swept

all before it with a glamorous flood. Men were carried away with its excess and unbridled subjectivity, and did not realize that, in the cataclysm, much had been lost. It is the rigid discipline of the classics which is their eternal attraction for us. When Mozart takes the great nuggets of his theme in the development of the finale of his G Minor Symphony, and crushes them together in the crucible of his imagination, the effect is overwhelming. Such a combination of intellect and passion has never been witnessed in music, either before or since. With Mozart, the balance between the emotion and the form is always perfect and we have the most complete satisfaction possible in listening to music.

It is often stated that a mathematician undergoes a real aesthetic experience in the solving of a complex equation. A reasonably well-trained musician can write a complex fugue and, in so doing, give us a certain satisfaction as we follow the working-out of the feat; but if the content of his music is without the spark of genius, the total effect will never amount finally to much. A Mozart, however, can take the strictest of classical forms and give it a vivid emotional life apart from its formal construction; he can not only display his creation in all its formal beauty, but touch our hearts with its content, and the two effects, accomplished simultaneously, produce something far greater than either factor on its own. This combination has seldom been achieved by composers in musical history, although it is one that can be discerned always among the greatest artists. Mozart, who has achieved it to a far greater extent than anyone else, has thus a far more specialized and subtle kind of art than that of the ordinary run of composers, and this is one of the reasons why musicians agree regarding his supremacy. This facet of the composer, unlike others, is not an enigmatic one.

There has always been speculation as to the connection between great genius and precocity. There is no doubt that Mozart was the most startling example in all musical history of the child prodigy. He "knew" and was "aware" at a far earlier age than any other musician before or since. There was little sign here of the "infinite capacity for taking pains": apparently there was no need. He has told us that he often had two or three completed compositions in his head simultaneously. The only "pains" to be taken were those of getting the notes down on paper. This would seem to indicate a visual memory far, far, greater than that possessed by an ordinary person. It also indicates a concentration of thought quite out of the ordinary. Without any great conscious effort, it was all there and just had to be shaped and then photographed in the memory for future use. We talk loosely of the "act of creation" as

though it were a clearly definable entity, but if we study the way various great artists have worked, we are soon convinced that the phrase means nothing. Certainly with Mozart, there was no such "act." Beethoven's entire life was a continuous "act" of this kind, and we can witness it all in his sketch books. Mozart's composition was no simple "act," but an endless transmutation of ideas. An interesting, and not too well known fact, is that there is also a sketch book of Mozart's, dating from his eighth year, which shows that he was not, by any means, a genius in composition at that early age. The fashionable and cloying picture of him drawn by many writers who should know better, is one of a child who wrote masterpieces as soon as he could hold a pen.

It is also interesting to observe how, at the end of his life, he writes music of an almost childlike simplicity, a music purged of all earthy emotion. Much of the mystery of *The Magic Flute* lies in this divinely innocent-sounding music; again, as in the case of *Cosi,* the casual listener has almost the feeling of triviality, but, when the opera is really understood, it transmits a message of noble serenity rarely achieved in any art at any time. A well-known English critic has recently put it very well. In reviewing a performance of *The Magic Flute*, he writes of "those lost souls who pathetically believe that music which sounds simple can be performed by simpletons. It is notoriously difficult to stage this fairy tale without either giving audiences the giggles or sending them to sleep; notoriously difficult to reconcile the sublime truths and ridiculous trappings, until the laughter provoked by the comedy becomes as the laughter of children, and therefore meet to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Here we have, once more, this extraordinary "border line" in Mozart's music very well described.

Psychologists never cease to tell us how close love is to hate, or that we laugh really because we are frightened. These emotions are related in the most complex ways and I feel that such a relation applies to Mozart's music. Not that I would suggest that this music should be connected with the couch and the consulting room; far from it, for there was never saner music written, but the seemingly contradictory components might seem to be illuminated by the kind of reference made here.

I have hitherto mentioned the operas almost exclusively because I feel that they best illustrate the mystery of Mozart's make-up. He has set producers almost insoluble problems. For instance, no one has even yet decided whether to treat *Don Giovanni* as a comic opera or a tragedy. As in *Cosi*, the emotional temperature is constantly changing

throughout the work and we are never quite sure how far the composer's tongue is into his cheek. Scenes of the highest dramatic grandeur jostle with others of the lowest comedy. Throughout the superlative music we do not know whether to laugh or cry at its sheer beauty. Many writers have pointed out that the final sextet gives us the clue to the entire work and yet for many years it was omitted altogether, as producers could not see how it fitted into the scheme. Again the insoluble enigma of Mozart's attitude mystified his hearers.

Any work of art which eternally intrigues mankind must always be of the highest quality. Leonardo's "Gioconda" is one of these, and is in many ways comparable to Mozart's music. The inscrutable Mona Lisa looks at us as Mozart looks at us through his masterpieces. What fearful grief inspired the String Quintet in G minor? Even in a seemingly cheerful work, such as the Symphonie Concertante for Violin and Viola, the resigned nobility of the slow movement is without a parallel in all music. There is nothing even in the Romantic period of the nineteenth century to approach it. It was neither of its time, nor before its time. It stands apart as possibly the most perfectly beautiful creation in the world of sound. But the emotion which inspired it will never be known.

There is no such thing as "absolute" music. Since a completely objective music is impossible, the mere writing down of the notes must entail some kind of subjective emotion in the composer. One cannot conceive of a state of mind which is uninfluenced by any sensory impression. Great artists have attempted to describe such a state. Goethe attempted it in the second part of Faust, but was not successful. Mozart used to be regarded as a writer par excellence of "absolute" music, but this only illustrates how utterly he was misunderstood. There has never been music so hightly charged with subjectivity, but of what *kind* we cannot ascertain. The mystery remains as profound as that of the ultimate structure of the universe, and just as its mystery will always intrigue mankind, so will the music of Mozart.

# *Letters in Canada* | *1955*

**EDITED BY DOUGLAS GRANT**

The utility of "Letters in Canada" is not generally questioned. Occasionally, a voice has been raised to carp at the fairness of a body of chosen critics setting itself up to judge the year's writing, but it is usually admitted that a survey of this kind is useful, whatever its particular faults. All those interested in the country's literature are quickly and clearly conducted through the bewildering variety the year has produced; and should they be led to disagree with their guides when they later turn aside by themselves to consider more closely some aspect of it, who will not concede that they might have overlooked what is now of interest to them had it not first been brought to their attention?

The only innovation made this year in the established scheme is the introduction of a section devoted to periodical writing. Much of the best writing done in Canada appears in the periodicals, and it is only fair that they should be recognized along with books and pamphlets. But the section may also serve a second purpose. The health of a country's literature depends to a great degree on its periodicals—especially on its non-commercial periodicals—and to discuss them in the context of "Letters in Canada" is in effect to appeal to the public for stronger support.

I wish to express my thanks to all the contributors to the survey, to the publishers of Canadian books for their co-operation, and to Miss Jean Houston, Assistant Editor of the University Press, for her work in assembling and distributing the volumes.

## I. POETRY

*Northrop Frye*

Poetry, like painting, has two poles: the pole of content or subject-matter, the thing represented, and the pole of form, the conventional

structure of the art. Painting may be very formal, as in geometrical ornament or abstraction, or it may be very representational, as in illusion-painting or *trompe l'œil*. Poetry may be representational, as it is in reflective poetry where the poet describes a landscape, his emotions, his thoughts, or his society. When it is formal, the poet seeks metaphor, the language of pure identification that he shares with the lunatic and the lover; he seeks myth, the stories of gods whose actions are not limited by reality, and hence form abstract literary patterns; he is erudite and allusive, for the forms of poetry are conventions and grow out of other poems, and he seeks apocalyptic imagery, the vision of a universe which is humanly as well as divinely intelligible. The representational tendency in poetry is sophisticated and civilized: the formal tendency is primitive, oracular, close to the riddle and the spell. In our day, however, the primitive tendency has been reached through a further refinement of sophistication: "modern" poets use myth, metaphor, and apocalyptic imagery just as "modern" painters use abstract or stylized patterns. In Canada, the Romantic nineteenth-century traditions are reflective and representational: "modern" poets have unconsciously bridged the cultural gap with the Indians, just as the painting of Emily Carr bridges the gap in British Columbia between a culture of totem poles and a culture of power plants.

Two volumes this year illustrate each of these tendencies in our tradition. *Sepass Poems* (mimeographed, 60 + 12 pp.) is a collection of Okanagan Indian mythical poems, recorded by a chief and translated by Mrs. Street. (They were apparently recorded in 1915 but not published because they conflicted with what scholars then thought they knew about the tribe's origin: an extraordinary reason, but that's what it says here.) They are myths of creation and flood, of the sun-god and his paradisal world, of the evil spirit, an Indian Ogopogo, at the bottom of a stormy lake; they are myths of metamorphosis, of how animals were shaped as they are; myths of Titans revolting against the sky-god and of a box of evils like Pandora's. In short, they are the same myths that we find in our European tradition. In spite of a slightly old-fashioned cast to the translation (the translator was born in 1857), the structural outlines and rhetorical devices of the original, notably repetition, obviously show through. They make fascinating and haunting reading.

The other tendency is illustrated in *The Selected Poems of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts* (Ryerson, xxvi, 100 pp., $3.50), edited with a concise introduction by Desmond Pacey. This book is a companion volume to

the selection of Carman by Lorne Pierce, reviewed here last year. Roberts is a subjective and descriptive poet, not a mythical one, and the organizing formal principles which give both intellectual and emotional unity to his work come out of his personal life. The formal basis of his poetry is chiefly in the recollections and associations of his Maritime childhood. Being a late Romantic, this means that his central emotional quality is nostalgia. From there he expands to descriptive landscape poetry, still usually with a nostalgic emotional core, and from there the next logical step would be to intellectualized poetry. Roberts tried hard to attain to this third stage, but had nothing intellectual in his mind, and Mr. Pacey has quite properly omitted the poetic results—still, the pattern of a representational poet is complete in him.

In 1955 there were four volumes of poetry of particular importance. Two, Wilfred Watson's *Friday's Child* and Anne Wilkinson's *The Hangman Ties the Holly*, are highly formalized poetry, making considerable use of relatively primitive forms, such as ballads and nursery rhymes. Miriam Waddington's *The Second Silence* and Irving Layton's *The Cold Green Element* are at once more subjective and more objective than the other two. They have very little in common with Roberts and his Romantic nostalgia, but their organizing associative patterns begin in personal experience, which in its turn shapes and colors a direct reaction to the world around them.

Wilfred Watson's *Friday's Child* (Faber and Faber [British Book Service], 56 pp., $2.00) is typically formal poetry, mythical, metaphorical and apocalyptic, using religious language because it is impossible to avoid religious language in poetry of this kind. The expected influences are present: Hopkins (notably in "I Praise God's Mankind"), Eliot, the later Yeats, and more particularly Dylan Thomas, the most exuberantly apocalyptic poet of our time. (There are two poems on Thomas, an "Admiration" and a "Contempt": the latter seems to deny the apocalyptic element in him, which I find incomprehensible, in spite of the great eloquence of the poem itself.) Such themes and influences are by now familiar, and the familiarity is a challenge to the poet to "make it new," in Pound's phrase. It is an impressive tribute to Mr. Watson's integrity as a poet that he meets this challenge by being simple rather than clever, and a tribute to his ability that he succeeds.

The framework of his ideas and imagery is conventional enough. There is a world that is "real," and another world that is intelligible. The real world is the world of nature, where life and death, love and lust, chase each other around in a closed circle. Its presiding genius is

an "old woman crossing and breeding all creatures," the central figure of the haunting "Ballad of Mother and Son." It is true that "the dead wave is pierced by the living reed," a phrase with overtones of Pascal indicating that life is as powerful and as primeval as death. Yet one discovers

> That love in its simple essence
> Is death mourned to magnificence,

and that the energy of passion is driven by the death-impulse: Tarquin the ravisher is "lit at death's white taper." In "In the Cemetery of the Sun" there is a wonderful evocation of the sense of life and death as simultaneously present: the city of Calgary is "a hill of tombstones" and the flapping clothes on Monday morning suggest the ghosts of the Crucifixion and Ezekiel's valley of dry bones.

The other, the intelligible world, is the world of divine presence revealed by Christ, and its first impact on the world of nature is one of total opposition, the light striking into the uncomprehending darkness, into a world protected from Paradise by "the hard mercy of the flaming sword." The terror inspired by the "windy bishop"—presumably the Holy Spirit—"who'd preach our dust home," is the terror of being confronted with something that threatens not death but annihilation—the same terror that made Eliot's Gerontion speak of "Christ the tiger." Yet there is a stage beyond this at which the world of light becomes simply the world of darkness illuminated, a new earth in a new heaven:

> . . . the exigent
> Last moment, when the creature at last comes home
> To reason, order, proportion, doom.

The reconciliation of the two worlds and the awakening of life-in-death to life is the theme of the powerful "Canticle of Darkness," typologically the key poem in the book, where we move from creation through the death and resurrection of Christ into a new creation.

*Friday's Child* is brought out by a well-known British publisher, and the blurb expresses a genuine admiration for the book, along with the faintest trace of polite surprise that lyrical tones more highly organized than a buffalo's mating call should come from the windy plains of Alberta. The present reviewer does not share the surprise, if it is there, but he fully concurs in the admiration. One gets very tired of poets who indicate an impressive subject and then walk quickly away from it, but Mr. Watson never starts anything he can't finish, even an apocalypse. He can describe Emily Carr in a way that reveals not what she painted

but what she tried to paint, the vision she staked her life on. We feel that even a line as breath-taking as "When in her side my eyes were but blind seeds," or a phrase like "the tomb egg broken," is merely what fits the poem at that point: brilliant as the imagery is, there is no costume jewellery. A refrain, such as "Stand gentle in my words" in the "Canticle of Darkness," steadily tightens the tension and concentrates the reader's awareness, where a merely facile refrain would put him to sleep. "Friday's child is loving and giving," and the book shows the upsurge of creative energy that obeys the command of the thunder in *The Waste Land* to give, sympathize, and control. How posterity will sort out and rank the poets of today I do not know, nor much care; but in such poems as "In the Cemetery of the Sun," the "Canticle of Darkness" and perhaps the title poem, one may catch a glimpse of the reasons why, in the course of time, what the poet has to say about his culture becomes so important and what everyone else has to say becomes so much less so.

Anne Wilkinson's *The Hangman Ties the Holly* (Macmillan, vi, 57 pp., $2.50) is another book of mythical and metaphorical poetry which has many resemblances to *Friday's Child*. The resemblances would be startling to anyone unaware of the highly stylized nature of such poetry. A poem of Mr. Watson's puns on "gone" and Maud Gonne; a poem of Mrs. Wilkinson's, "Swimming Lesson," a rather painful poem in spite of its crisp organization of narrative and description, speaks of "A good Seamaritan," "the warm gulf seam of love," and a girl who "did not holy believe." The subject of Mr. Watson's "O my Poor Darling" and of Mrs. Wilkinson's "The Pressure of Night"—very different and very remarkable poems—is the subject of beauty and the beast. Mr. Watson's "The White Bird" and Mrs. Wilkinson's "Dirge" are both based on the Cock Robin nursery rhyme, though Mr. Watson's bird connects with the Ancient Mariner's albatross and Mrs. Wilkinson's with the turtle-dove of marriage. The other nursery rhyme which gives Mr. Watson his title is quoted in Mrs. Wilkinson's "Once upon a Great Holiday." Mr. Watson's "And Should She Ask" and Mrs. Wilkinson's "I was Born a Boy" are both riddle-poems based on a conceit of reincarnation, like some of the early Welsh poems. Mrs. Wilkinson holds her own very well against this formidable competition—so well in fact that we must desert the comparative at once for the positive.

Mrs. Wilkinson's most obviously striking quality is a gift for sardonic parody. In brief we have the device of altering a stock phrase, a device that may again owe something to Dylan Thomas. Thus we have "new

laid lovers," "a game they know by head," "one of those fly-by-days," and the like. In large we have the parody-poem, in most cases, including the title poem, "Dirge" and parts of "Christmas Eve," a folk song or nursery rhyme gone ingeniously sour. Virginia Woolf is described in the imagery of Ariel's sea song:

> From ivory pelvis spring
> Her strange sea changeling children;
> In sockets deep with six lost layers of sight
> The sea fans open.

Not since Leo Kennedy has a Canadian poet done much with the macabre as a theme, but Mrs. Wilkinson is much possessed by death. It would be difficult to put the grotesque futility of our burial customs into fewer syllables than this:

> A miser's grace
> To fill with lead
> The breathing earth
> That gave us bread,

or to make a more chillingly logical conclusion to the poet's conversation with two young lovers in a park:

> I moved
> To go but death sat down.
> His cunning hand
> Explored my skeleton.

Mrs. Wilkinson sees nature in sharp outlines—it is significant that one of her favourite words is "lens"—and she has a liking for clear colours and conventionalizing forms ("Italian Primitive"). There is also a deeper prophetic sympathy with nature, of the kind that organizes the fine little poem "Tigers Know from Birth," and flashes out a phrase like

> I put on my body and go forth
> To seek my blood.

What she emphatically is not is apocalyptic: the death that recurs so often is the guarantee of man's identity with nature: human nature is her metaphor, and she has no use for the religious language that assumes the uniqueness of humanity. Hence what we have is a kind of parody-apocalypse, a union of life and death in nature, and the last image in the book is one of a falling man.

We turn now to the two less formal and more representational poets. In Miriam Waddington's *The Second Silence* (Ryerson, vi, 57 pp., $2.50), there are no apocalypses or erudite parodies: just as her metaphors are rooted in her own life, so are her myths in the society around her:

> The wine we drink is bitter
> Compounded of the blood
> Of not one Christ but many
> Who gained no holihood.

The central images of everyone's life are formed in childhood: the child's dream world is the world of the "second silence" in which creation begins. Mrs. Waddington's "Poems of Children" (the poems are arranged according to theme) move in the associative exuberance of the world of childhood, the world where everything is mysteriously linked with everything else. In sharp contrast to the brilliant clear outlines of the two previous poets, Mrs. Waddington's images break up into a kaleidoscopic impressionism:

> . . . Lullabies from an old book
> Of apples and nutmegs and peacocks that flew
> Ceaselessly circling a golden sea.
> (It was dream, it was dream,
> Light echoed and keys were lost in the sea.)

In adult life this associative world is driven underground into the subconscious, where the imagery of adult dreams, with all its guilt-ridden hauntings, collides or coincides with the outer world. This is the subject of the strikingly original "Morning until Night":

> . . . two black dogs dart out
> Swift as foxes to confound my eyes,
> And all the sudden wolves that had my dreams
> Revolving on fear startle me with their smiles. . . .

Mrs. Waddington records both aspects of this conflict equally well. In "Poems of Love," especially "Thou Didst Say Me," the constant turning of the lover's individuality on its axis, so to speak, is expressed by an intense murmuring of repeated sound, and in "Poems of Work" the squalor that a social worker sees in a modern city is recorded with the kind of sympathy that comes from being emotionally involved in everybody else's fate. In the last section, "Poems of Living," something of her earlier "Green World" imagery begins to creep back, like blades of grass rooting in pavement, particularly in the final poem

"Inward Look the Trees," which brings the book to an impressive close. Where she is least successful, the failure is due to intellectual excess, not deficiency, as in the poems to a teacher and a pupil, where there is too much unorganized metrical talk. But she has her own distinctive quality: a gentle intimacy and an unmediated, though by no means naïve, contact between herself and her world.

Irving Layton's *The Cold Green Element* (Contact Press, unnumbered, $1.50) is also polarized between personal association and a direct reaction to experience, though in a more explosive way than Mrs. Waddington's book. In such poems as "winter fantasy" (his titles are in lower case) and "me, the p.m., and the stars," there is a subjective rearranging of images, of a kind that was called "surrealism" in the fashionable slang of twenty years back, dream poems a little like Chagall paintings. What many surrealists did not surrealize was that such techniques are of little point without their objective counterpart, the vision of a world which acts in as sex-goaded, as guilt-ridden, as arbitrarily foolish a way as the dream. Mr. Layton's fantasy is not irresponsible or a mere playing with verbal patterns, because the distortions of the poetic imagination are geared to the distortions of society. For this kind of writing a poet needs humour and technical competence, and Mr. Layton appears to have plenty of both. Sometimes the humour becomes sinister and Kafkaesque, as in "the executioner," and sometimes self-mocking, as in the end of "the poet entertains several ladies." In "me, the p.m., and the stars," when the poet is rebuked by the Prime Minister for throwing a snowball through somebody's window, the poet explains that he has met a "sage"—presumably Zarathustra—who has given him a motive for doing so:

> He also said pity was loss of power.
> Someone had to tell the people
> what was happening; it's indecent to let
> the death of the last god go by unnoticed.

The objective pole takes the form of social caricature—not satire or invective, for which Mr. Layton has no gift, but the mock-heroic, or, as in the lively "birds at daybreak," the mock-mythical. In "Golfers" he says:

> And you see at a glance
> among sportsmen they are the metaphysicians,
> intent, untalkative, pursuing Unity . . .
>
> And that no theory of pessimism is complete
> which altogether ignores them. . . .

Exactly in the middle between the fantasy poems and the social poems comes the remarkable title poem, an ironic personal myth of the poet as a hanged god or nature spirit torn apart and distributed through the landscape. No quotation can do justice to the intricate unity of the poem, but we can see as soon as we read it that it presents the organizing image of the book. Again we note an odd coincidence: it is the same image as that of the central poem of Mrs. Wilkinson's book, "Carol."

Of the poems mentioned, "Golfers" belongs to a second volume, *The Blue Propeller* (Contact Press, $1.00), where there are two or three other poems, including "Portrait" and "Mute in the Wind," that are witty and sharply pointed. Otherwise much of the book is an obstacle race for the sympathetic reader, a dark tunnel of noisy dullness. *The Cold Green Element* is infinitely better on all counts, and in it there are at least a half-dozen poems (including, besides those mentioned, the lilting "for Naomi" at the beginning) which have a rhythmical swing, an urbane humour and a technical finish guaranteed to make the reader's toes curl up in solid contentment.

II

Louis Dudek's *Europe* (Laocoön [Contact] Press, iv, 139 pp., $2.00) is diary poetry: a sequence of ninety-nine short pieces recounting impressions of a trip to Europe, from England through France, Spain, Italy, and Greece, and ending with the discovery that what Europe, a shattered and demoralized civilization, really reveals to the North American is the virtues of his own culture. The century of meditation is a fatal idea for a facile poet, and although at his best Mr. Dudek escapes being merely facile, I find large stretches of the book unrewarding. In the first place, the influence of Pound is oppressive. Pound is everywhere: the rub-a-dub three- and four-accent line, the trick of snapped-up quotations and allusions, the harangues against usura, the toboggan-slide theory of the decline of Europe after the Middle Ages, and so on. In the second place, the conversational style brings the ideas into sharp relief, and the ideas are commonplace, prejudice reinforced by superficial tourism. To be told in rather pedestrian verse that the English are constrained by standards of what is and is not done hardly adds to the variety of one's poetic experience. Things improve however towards the end, where the rhythm firms up and begins to swing and lilt a bit, and where first-hand observation replaces second-hand theorizing. The eighty-first piece, a concise and ironic sketch of a Greek vil-

lage, is an admirable vignette; and the ninety-fifth, on the sea, achieves the difficult feat of talking beautifully about beauty:

> Beauty is ordered in nature
> as the wind and sea
> shape each other for pleasure; as the just
> know, who learn of happiness
> from the report of their own actions.

Raymond Souster's *For What Time Slays* (mimeographed, 24 pp.) shows a more distinctive and unified style than any previous collection of his. There are still too many expendable poems, based on a preoccupation with the process of writing, on a substituting of ready-made moralizing for observation and irony, and, most frequently, on an apparently unshakable conviction that the kind of sexual reverie indigenous to male boarding-houses is invariably poetic material. Such signs of immaturity are the result of too slavish an adherence to the conventions of his kind of poetry. In about every tenth poem he escapes these conventions and writes the kind of poem that only he can write. Usually it is an epigram based on observation unified by a single drop of emotional colouring: a type of epigram which for some reason has been more common in Chinese poetry than in our tradition:

> I fear this skull-capped priest.
>
> He tells his viewers
> Someone must have Authority,
>
> And clearly he is thinking of himself.

Two new series of collections of verse provide some very interesting work in small compass. Emblem Books are tiny little booklets put out by Jay Macpherson with covers by Laurence Hyde. There are three of them to date. Daryl Hine's *Five Poems* is a remarkable first volume, if one can call five poems a volume. Reading his long meditative lines is like watching heavy traffic at night: a brilliant series of phrases moves across a mysteriously dark background, the central driving force of the poem remaining elusive. It sounds condescending to speak of promise and a future, yet the sense of powerful gathering forces is stronger than any other reaction. The main line of development is probably indicated in such passages as this, from a dialogue of Theseus and the Minotaur (the Minotaur is speaking):

I am Charon, and I wait
beside this lightless river for my gold;
my boat is paper; I am cold;
the winds upon the water celebrate

the soul's long shadow and the heart's
red beacon; I perceive
the wormy lover wearing on his sleeve
funerals foreshadowed by his art. . . .

Jay Macpherson's *O Earth Return* is almost exactly the opposite in technique, using stanza forms, usually quatrains, with expertly varied timing, and with an interest in myth that classes her with the formal poets. The title indicates a Blakean influence, which is discernible, but the tradition is rather that of the Elizabethan lyric, where—as in Campion—the use of a mythical or conventional theme releases the emotion by detaching it from direct experience and containing it within the convention. Thus a poem that might seem at first glance to be only an allusive literary exercise becomes a kind of reservoir of feeling in which one's literary and personal associations mingle and are held in the kind of variable emotional contemplation that it is one of the primary functions of poetry to provide:

Where is your god, Sibylla? where is he
Who came in other days
To lay his bright head on your knee
And learn the secrets of Earth's ways?

Silence: the bat-clogged cave
Lacks breath to sigh.
Sibylla, hung between earth and sky,
Sways with the wind in her pendant grave.

There are fewer surprises in the third Emblem Book, Dorothy Livesay's *New Poems*, where the main impression is of a disciplined and experienced handling of modern poetic idioms. A sense of a lonely pessimism, of the shutting off of communication, of the inevitable victories of winter and darkness, gives the poems a plaintively muted quality: they seem to struggle against a conviction that they cannot say much:

And deeper than flash
Of fin in well
Your thoughts dot, dash—
But never tell.

O when will you freeze
Glassy, clear

Frost-breathing image
On polished air?

The same sense of accomplishment rather than mastery is present in the second Fiddlehead Poetry Book, G. V. Downes' *Lost Diver* (16 pp., 50¢). Slow monosyllables, and the kind of run-on line that pulls the rhythm around so that it moves out from a centre instead of pulsating, build up an introspective resonance which is consistently in good taste, but does not excite or give the sense of prefigured future developments. Thus:

Minos' child
a careless captive of the long day's gold
she reached for the moon's bright platter, and her wild
strong glittering young dolphins leapt and rolled
to wallow lazy in the scrollèd sea.

The last poem, "The Poet is Discontent," may promise a change of pace in her next volume, if not self-transformation.

There are seven Ryerson Chapbooks. Thecla Bradshaw's *Mobiles* (16 pp., $1.00) is a lively little book. I have some prejudice against poems about poetry, but Miss Bradshaw talks about the place of the poet in society, his personal difficulties, and the technical problems of imagery in a machine age, with sparkling and sophisticated wit:

Could you more easily endure this sprinkling of Chinese glass
if you knew that the colour, red, is casual blood;
that the scarlet is the shattered clittering, cluttering of warsmashed years?

Alfred Purdy's *Pressed on Sand* (16 pp., $1.00) also has wit, and considerable expertise in metre, especially in quatrains with a final short line. "Seasonal Malady" reads like an ironic rewriting of Carman's "Make me over, Mother April"; "Onomatopoeic People," on Indian names, succeeds where many poems on such subjects have failed, and "For the Record" is, except for a weak penultimate line, an admirably sinister little epigram. I like best, however, "Meander," where the poet "would like to be a dirty, unkempt, old man" and protests that there is much poetry to be found in the experiences of such a life:

But someone has to write about the Indian dock
At Rupert, the dreamlike murmuring
Of lonesome waterclosets in a deserted hotel.

Myrtle Reynolds Adams' *Remember Together* (12 pp., $1.00) deals mainly with the poetry of organic processes: there is some careful rhyming in "Hungry Mouths," and "Hired Boy," which I think is her

best poem, sets an appealing human figure against her landscape. *Silver Light*, by Theresa E. and Don W. Thomson (ii, 13 pp., $1.00) is chiefly notable for "Tempest," a vigorous poem about a global storm from the North Pole, the basis of a CBC radio play. Goodridge MacDonald's *Compass Reading* (11 pp., $1.00) contains a series of colourful impressionistic sketches ranging from Ellesmere Land to Bermuda, and one philosophical poem, "Dialogue," in which God tells his worshipper, like Ahab in *Moby Dick*, that his right worship is defiance. Sutherland Groom's *Queens and Others* (16 pp., $1.00) takes its title from poems on Elizabeth I and Lady Jane Grey, but most of the poems are on biblical subjects. "Halfway to Emmaus" is a dialogue in a ponderous Victorian idiom, with some curious turns of diction. Robert Rogers' *The White Monument* (ii, 13 pp., $1.00) also has religious poems and some based on war experiences: the central theme is thus the contrast between the life of God and the death of man. This comes into focus in a prophetic poem called "Omega," a sonnet with the final couplet:

> When all who really mattered had been killed
> The meek took up the seats the mighty filled.

"Pleasant Bay" combines anapests with an alternation of feminine and masculine endings, in the manner of Roberts' "Tantramar Revisited."

I. B. Ezra's *The Legend of the Four* (Philadelphia, Dorrance & Co., 138 pp.) provides stories, lyrics, and humour in cheerful doggerel verse. Arthur Bourinot's *Ten Narrative Poems* (privately printed, iv, 32 pp., $1.00) is a collection of his longer pieces. I like them best when, as in "Paul Bunyan," the short line catches up the rhythmical elements in the syntax, with an occasional rhyme dropped in, or when, as in "The Indian," an elegiac repetition gives some emotional unity to the poem. Eugenie Perry's *Green Timbers* (Ryerson, 57 pp., $2.50) is held together by some conversational liveliness in the style and some concreteness in vocabulary. The first section is entitled "Trees are such Lovely Things," and one is pleasantly surprised, after preparing for the drivelling worst, to find the texture stiffening with a genuine interest in language:

> The slides shiver and straighten in the projector.
> The monitors force twin rainbows of water
> Against the placer bed, into the yawning sluice;
> Where the gravel hurdles the riffles,
> The tailings vanish in spray,
> And the residue is gold.

Possibly Pratt is an influence here: if so it is a healthy influence.There is also a great variety of subject, from historical and biographical sketches to reflective poems such as "Woman—What do you Find?" which well evokes the dithers of a middle-class housewife with intellectual interests.

This survey was originally bibliographical as well as critical, and it may well be thought that a review which mentions twenty-three separate items can have only a bibliographical interest. There is perhaps some point in explaining the critical principle. The ideal reader often visualized by founders of little mags, who is eager to read contemporary poetry but has no ambition to write it, barely exists. Practically everybody who habitually reads poetry habitually writes it as well. That is as it should be: there are many things wrong with the position of the poet in modern society, but this is not one of the wrong things. The cultivated amateur is the backbone of all the arts, especially poetry, as the professional poet who lives by his verse is usually a writer of newspaper doggerel. Criticism concerned primarily with measuring the distance between amateur verse and great poetry is essential, but there will never be any lack of it. Meanwhile, what with an indifferent public, the conscientiously contemptuous critics, and perhaps his own frustrated ambitions, the amateur poet has a hard time of it. Yet in Canada, where there is no sharp line between the regular and the occasional poet, it seems more appropriate to look at a year's output inclusively, as a total power of articulation, shading from a luminous centre to a pleasantly blurred periphery.

In every year in Canada, including 1955, most of the published verse shows the features of occasional amateur writing. Lines will be pumped up with adjectives; rhymes in a sonnet will clang like a typewriter bell; stodgy rhythms will be harried into movement by starting every line with a heavy accent; a sentence will begin in poetry and finish in vague prose; a failure in accurate expression will be concealed by an exclamation, and so on and so on. These faults also occur even in the best poetry, and many of the virtues of the best poetry reappear in the slighter books. Hence while much Canadian verse could be honestly described, by the highest standards of the best twentieth-century poets, as metrical doodling, it could also be described, just as honestly and perhaps more usefully, as the poetic conversation of cultivated people. After all, there are many who will read detective stories with pleasure even when they have the style of a riveting machine, the characterization of a tomb-

stone, and the plot of a charade: perhaps poetry too might be approached with some tolerance for the convention as well as evaluation for the achievement.

## II. FICTION

*Claude T. Bissell*

One of the difficulties facing the Canadian novelist is that he lives in a society that does not, as yet, have a clearly defined shape, with the result that he is unable to focus sharply and confidently on the problems of that society. If he chooses, or is compelled by economic reasons, to live outside Canada for long periods of time, then the difficulties in writing about Canadian society are intensified. One sees this, during the nineteenth century, in such literary expatriates as Sara Jeannette Duncan Cotes, who gradually abandoned her novels with a Canadian setting, and Gilbert Parker, who, although he did not abandon Canadian subjects, turned away from contemporary settings to find a romantic security in the past. In this century, it might be argued that the anglophile haze enveloping Jalna was thickened by Miss de la Roche's long sojourns in Great Britain. And our most recent and most successful expatriate, Mr. Lionel Shapiro, has not as yet chosen a Canadian setting or even given us a full-scale Canadian character. Mr. Shapiro does not want us to think, however, that he no longer belongs to the Canadian scene. Indeed, he has contended in a recent article in *Maclean's* that the Canadian novelist should not try to immerse himself in his own environment and traditions, but should look out at the big shining world that lies beyond. The distinctive Canadian role, he seems to argue, is in literature as in international affairs, that of the honest broker. His latest novel, *The Sixth of June* (Doubleday, 351 pp., $4.75), is, he suggests, a demonstration of this national gift. Its sympathetic and impartial presentation of both English and American characters, he seems to be saying, could have come only from a Canadian. The Canadian may be a dull fellow himself, but he can form a shrewd appraisal of his gayer and more colourful cousins.

*The Sixth of June* may afford us some shrewd appraisals of English and American types, but it is not successful in creating individual characters. The American hero is another version of the man of action softened by thought whom we met in Mr. Shapiro's two preceding novels, *The Sealed Verdict* (1947) and *Torch for a Dark Journey*

(1950). The English hero is almost a parody of God's Englishman: sensitive, but with an almost inhuman control of the emotions; delicate, almost effeminate in appearance, but with a physical courage that beggars description. Mr. Shapiro's English heroine is a distillation of all the conventional romantic attributes of young English womanhood; she derives in equal parts from the domestic idylls of Lord Tennyson and from such exercises in sentimental patriotism as Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*.

The strength of *The Sixth of June*—and it is a highly readable novel—does not lie in its characterization or in its international insights, but in its quality of superior journalism. This is a novel about England—chiefly London—in the years immediately preceding the D-day of the Second World War, with its emotional climax neatly coinciding with the actual D-day landing. Mr. Shapiro was there, and he observed carefully and perceptively. He can write about external details and about the big mass emotions with eloquence and verve. And he has the wit to see that for thousands of his book-of-the-month club readers, members of the armed services who trained in England in the early 'forties, he is writing about the great romantic experience of their lives. He knows that for them the tedium of service life has long since been forgotten, and that what remains is the beauty of the countryside, the gaiety of London, and the courage and bonhomie of their island hosts. It may be a sort of negative reflection of Mr. Shapiro's Canadian origins and upbringing that he has been able to see these war years romantically, that he has, for instance, given his love affair a charmingly platonic quality and has scrupulously avoided the systematic chronicle of bed life that has become the hallmark of the big, serious American best-seller.

Another Canadian expatriate with a journalistic background is Lawrence Earl. *The Frozen Jungle* (McClelland & Stewart, x, 244 pp., $3.95) is his first novel. It is a much slighter book than *The Sixth of June*, in many ways simply a good adventure story about the struggle of a small group for survival in the wilds of the Ungava-Labrador region. But Mr. Earl reaches for a deeper effect than that of mere excitement, and his methods, like Mr. Shapiro's, are those of superior reporting: a brisk style with a good deal of wit and picturesque phrasing, a little in the manner of *Time*, clear and sharply differentiated characters, and some generous borrowings from the psychiatrist's handbook.

Mordecai Richler is the third of the Canadian expatriate novelists to be considered this year. His new novel, *Son of a Smaller Hero* (André

Deutsch [Collins], 232 pp., $2.75), follows hard upon his first, *The Acrobats*, which came into last year's survey. But Mr. Richler is an expatriate of a different kind. One has the feeling that his European sojourn is serving to put his Canadian experiences in clearer focus, that Canada is not simply a vague point of view or a convenient landscape for adventure, but his real subject. *The Acrobats* was set in Spain, but had a Canadian hero; and *Son of a Smaller Hero*, set in Montreal, is certainly one of the best portraits that we have ever had in our literature of a particular Canadian group and place.

Mr. Richler's group and place are both rigidly circumscribed. He is writing about contemporary Jewish life in Montreal, with a few excursions into Gentile bohemianism. On a descriptive plane, this is the prose equivalent of Abraham Klein's Jewish poetry. Mr. Richler writes with unflinching objectivity, but not coldly and unfeelingly. He is neither embittered nor sentimental, whether he is describing the religious devotions of the orthodox, the tawdriness and vulgarity of the lower middle class, the brassy ostentation of the *nouveau riche*, the sleek confidence of the successful lawyer and doctor.

Mr. Richler's hero, Noah Adler, a young man of twenty, has rebelled against his Jewish background, and, at the beginning of the novel, is setting out on a voyage of self-discovery. He has not totally cut himself off from his family and associations. He recalls that the old life was "rich in warmth and humour"; and he is still deeply attached to his mother, sensitive daughter of a poet and scholar, and, despite surface enmity, to his grandfather, son of a scribe, fiercely orthodox in religion, tough and uncompromising in his business deals. Noah realizes that "it's not enough to rebel. . . . It is necessary to say yes to something." But the "yes" is never clearly articulated. Noah has a brief and passionate love affair with a Gentile, a professor's wife who turns out to be a nymphomaniac with some casual refinements. He discovers that his ineffectual father has not really perished in a heroic attempt to rescue the Torah from the fire that destroys the family business, but rather in a squalid effort to reach the money that he mistakenly thinks is kept in his father's office. Now completely disillusioned, Noah has a final scene of reckoning with his grandfather, who refuses to acknowledge his real spiritual kinship with his rebellious grandson. Then Noah departs for Europe, there, presumably, to find the "yes" that has eluded him at home.

The real centre of the novel is not Noah's spiritual dilemma, but the irony of his father's martyrdom. Convinced that Wolf Adler has sacri-

ficed himself for his religion, the Jewish community makes him a rallying cry for a great rededication to the Faith. *Son of a Smaller Hero*, then, is not so much a portrait of the artist as a young man, as the portrait of a community. This is not fictionalized sociology, however; for this community, despite cleavages that are often deep and tragic, is a living whole, in its own right a great and engrossing character. With this novel Mr. Richler has in the brief span of two years convincingly asserted his right to belong to the small group of Canadian novelists who carry on our tradition in fiction.

The Canadian writer who lives and works abroad has been a phenomenon in our literature almost from the beginning. The reverse of this, the European writer who makes Canada his home, has only become more common in these years of our great affluence. Mr. David Walker and Mr. Gouzenko are the best known examples. The most recent addition to the group is Mr. Brian Moore. I wish it were possible to make out a good case for Moore as a Canadian novelist, on grounds other than residence or even citizenship, for his novel *Judith Hearne* (André Deutsch [Collins], 223 pp., $2.75), seems to me to be clearly the best book of the year. It is to be hoped that in future novels he turns just as searching an eye on Canadian life as he does, in *Judith Hearne*, on Irish.

*Judith Hearne* has a clear, simple centre of interest. Judith is a middle-aged spinster, living in a shabby genteel boarding house in Belfast, a pathetic creature of inhibitions and prejudices, whose self-esteem is nurtured by an aridly conventional religion and a few respectable social connections. She becomes the victim of a romantic attachment to a fellow boarder, a vulgar Irish-American, who comes trailing clouds of Yankee glory. When she realizes that the romance exists only in her own imagination, she goes on a terrible binge of body and mind. She abandons herself to her taste for cheap whisky; she pitilessly exposes her emotional rags to her genteel friends; and, in a hideous climax, she commits a sacrilege in her church. We leave her in the final scene convalescing in hospital, her mind recovering its equilibrium as she seeks out the old pathetic certainties.

All this sounds morosely depressing. But the distinction of the book is that it is not depressing. A novel is depressing only when sordid facts are accumulated for their own sake. But this novel is illuminated constantly by understanding and sympathy. Mr. Moore identifies himself closely with each of his characters—and Judith is surrounded by people no less unheroic than herself—but he feels free from time to time to make his own superior and ironical comments.

As almost any good novel must be, *Judith Hearne* is a study in social irony, which begins in character, then works out into society. Mr. Moore is using a society rich in conflicts and traditions that he knows and understands well. Although there is little extended comment on or analysis of the Belfast world, we are always conscious of it. It surrounds and presses down on the characters; we feel particularly the dull weight of its religious life—a core of rather hard and unattractive Catholicism with a Protestant hinterland, dull, puritanical, and repressive.

Mr. Moore's sure touch with basic issues in an old society illuminates some of the difficulties that Mr. Earle Birney encounters when, in his second novel, *Down the Long Table* (McClelland & Stewart, vi, 298 pp., $4.50), he deals with some marginal issues in a new society. The novel begins and ends with a political investigation scene that is inspired by the late McCarthy unpleasantness; but the novel is really about the Canadian extreme left-wing radicalism in the thirties, and of how the hero, whom we first meet as the investigator's victim, became involved in some of the worst political gang warfare of this century. It is not a satire on the methods recently employed by the McCarthy tribunals, nor is it a passionate defence of the accused. In the final paragraph of the novel, eloquent but disturbingly vague, Mr. Birney, through his hero, sees both accuser and accused as involved in the search for human oneness, as knowing "themselves to be a community under the twin destinies of being alone and dying." Mr. Birney has the best of motives: he wants to make us see and understand. But he imposes upon himself certain grave difficulties.

The first difficulty is that most readers will not want to follow Mr. Birney into his detailed chronicle of the fortunes of an obscure political group, the Trotskyites, with their handful of followers in Toronto and Vancouver. Nothing is more wearisome than left-wing political jargon, even when it is used, as it often is in this novel, for ironical effect. The political discussions come alive only when they are linked with some more familiar elements in the Canadian scene. Thus, the best scenes in the novel take place in the living room of a battered little house in suburban Toronto in which the revolution gets comically mixed up with Ontario methodism and domestic squabbles. But as the hero gets more deeply involved, the political discussion becomes more intense and specialized; Vancouver, where the climactic events occur, shrinks into the confines of the depressing rooms where the debate goes tediously on.

An even greater difficulty is that Mr. Birney never convincingly relates his hero to his political scene. Indeed, Mr. Birney's attitude to-

wards his hero is puzzling and disquieting. Gordon Saunders is an academic, a struggling instructor and doctoral candidate when his story begins, a mature scholar and successful professor when he looks down the long table at his accusers. At times, Saunders is disgustingly immature; he is almost a Turvey who has miraculously learned how to pass examinations and to express himself fluently. At other times he assumes heroic proportions; he is a mixture of "scholastic child," "Elizabethan man," "wandering soldier," "Messiah," with a touch, however, of the "fool." There is the same unacceptable mixture in the analysis of his motives for throwing himself into radical politics. He has a naïve desire to make something of himself by joining a mysterious secret society with ramifications throughout the world; he suffers from a sense of guilt as the result of deserting an early love, and wants to atone for the sin in some desperate and dramatic way; he is in love with an empty-headed and voluptuous young revolutionary, and he wants to demonstrate to her that he is worthy of her love; but he has, in addition to these tainted motives, a real sense of the injustices of society and a capacity for Utopian idealism. It is difficult, but possible, to accept Mr. Birney's confused hero and his maze of motives as real. But it is impossible to feel any liking or sympathy for him. This is a depressing book in a way that *Judith Hearne*, for all its unpleasantness, is not.

The failure of *Down the Long Table* is all the more dispiriting because Mr. Birney is, in prose as in poetry, an artist with rich resources. Few of our poets have been able to transfer their skill in words from poetry to prose. But, in recent years, both Mr. Birney and Mr. Klein have done just that. Some of the descriptive passages in *Down the Long Table* have the clarity and depth of poetry, the images precise and exact, yet fresh and individual. Mr. Birney is sophisticated too in matters of technique. Like Joyce, he realizes that the depiction of complex urban life demands a corresponding complexity of technique, and the taking over of some of the resources of journalism, poetry, and drama. The novel is interlarded with extracts from contemporary newspapers arranged so as to emphasize the principle of ironic discontinuity, and with echoing phrases and lines from the medieval poets whom the hero is reading. Scenes of argument are occasionally rendered in dramatic form, with long stage directions pitched in an epic key. But all this is not enough to save the novel from the fatal weakness in the concept of the hero.

With the exception of Stuart Trueman's *Cousin Elva* (McClelland & Stewart, 224, pp., ill., $3.50), a series of humorous sketches of people

who stay at a sea-side boarding house in New Brunswick, done with a strong element of grotesque caricature, and Margerie Scott's *The Darling Illusion* (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 246 pp., $3.00), a slick novel about a tangle of amorous intrigues, set, part in war-time London, part in an anonymous Canadian town, the remaining novels fall into two familiar categories: the historical romance and the domestic romance.

The Canadian historical novelist has, in general, suffered from the same uncertainty about the Canadian scene as has the novelist of contemporary manners. The old weakness for melodrama and querulous special pleading still exists, as in Mary Weekes' *Acadian Betrayal* (Burns & MacEachern, 301 pp., $4.00), which seems to have been written in a mood of passionate and inarticulate rage against the perfidious English who carried out the expulsion of the Acadians. Kathleen Earle's *Lostwood Lodge* (Blackwood [Ryerson], x, 352 pp., $2.75) is a little better, if only because she sees both sides in the conflict between loyalists and rebels in the affair of 1837. But if *Acadian Betrayal* suffers from a fierce and monotonous concentration on one point, *Lostwood Lodge* suffers almost as much from a striving for variety. The scene shifts from the simple pleasures of pioneer life in Canada to the elegant drawing rooms of London, and when politics and romance wane, we are offered mysterious strangers, half-crazed eccentrics, passages of hushed poetic writing, and the pathetic story of the faithful old family dog. *Land for Their Inheritance* by E. M. Granger Bennett (Ryerson, 317 pp., $3.50) belongs to a much more superior tradition in historical writing than do these first two books. It is the tradition of novelists who seek to bridge the gap between fact and fancy, to interpret history imaginatively, rather than to give a faint historical *vraisemblance* to their inventions. Mrs. Bennett's period is from 1617 to 1629, and her subject is the first settlement in New France, seen centrally through the family of Louis Hébert, the first *habitant*. There is the minimum of complication—the novel consists of a series of episodes arranged chronologically —and the prose style is likewise unpretentious. But the simplicity of the design and the style, refreshing contrast to the ugly baroque of the usual Canadian historical romance, comes dangerously close to dullness. Certainly there is no passionate apprehension of pre-conquest French society such as one finds in Louis Vaczek's *River and Empty Sea*.

The remaining two historical novels direct our attention away from the Canadian scene. James H. Hunter's *How Sleep the Brave* (Evangelical Publishers, 256 pp., $3.00), about the religious conflicts in seventeenth-century Scotland, is an unfortunate effort that seems to have

been influenced in equal measure by Sir Walter Scott and classic comic books. Constance Beresford-Howe's *My Lady Greensleeves* (Ballantine Books [Thomas Allen], iv, 217, iii pp., $3.25), set in sixteenth-century England, is on the other hand, a definite addition to the group of good Canadian historical novels. Miss Beresford-Howe has figured in this survey on three previous occasions, each time as the author of a book that chronicled skilfully, but a little facilely, the emotional entanglements of young men and women in contemporary society. Her venture into historical fiction has not brought her any greater depth of intellectual subtlety. She still attempts to dress up an emotional cliché as a profound comment on life. But she demonstrates in this novel, more clearly than ever before, that she has a beguiling skill in the use of words and a practised sense of prose rhythms. The style is rich and metaphorical, but not disturbingly so; Miss Beresford-Howe thereby conveys a sense of life, at once more exposed to sun and sky, and more formal and patterned, than our own. She succeeds, too, in her attempt to reveal her characters as individuals distinct from the accidents and pressures of the time. She has taken an actual Elizabethan love triangle and law-suit as her point of departure, but the documentation has been completely absorbed into the substance of the novel.

The domestic romance, the second Canadian fictional staple, is concerned with young romantic love in a domestic setting, and by tradition has allied itself with a small town or rural setting and with a cheerful didacticism. To this genre belong many of our worst novels, although there is no reason inherent in the genre why this should be so. The four domestic romances of the year are all, in various degrees, well above the Canadian norm. The weakest is Barbara Villy Cormack's *The House* (Ryerson, 255 pp., $3.50), which uses a prairie farmhouse as a connecting symbol between a series of incidents illustrative of the trials and triumphs of rural life between the two wars. As in her first novel, *Local Rag*, Mrs. Cormack writes with the authority of experience, but with no real power to create a fictional world. Will R. Bird is a much more practised writer than Mrs. Cormack; behind *The Shy Yorkshireman* (Ryerson, 253 pp., $3.50) lie a half dozen novels, chiefly historical romances. Despite its contemporary flavour—the setting is chiefly rural Nova Scotia and the time is from 1904 to 1953—*The Shy Yorkshireman* reads surprisingly like Mr. Bird's forays into eighteenth-century Nova Scotia. We have the same steady march of incidents roughly cut up into long chapters; the same simplicity in characterization with the good and the bad sharply distinguished from each other; and the same skill

in marshalling physical detail for strong emotional effect. Mr. Bird is free of cheerful didacticism, but he has the typical interest of the domestic romancer in bringing romantic love through to a happy conclusion in a setting of rural tranquillity.

It is perhaps not strictly accurate to describe the two remaining novels —Magdelana Eggleston's *Mountain Shadows* (Heinemann [British Book Service], vi, 254 pp., $2.75) and Gaie Taylor's *Anastasia's Daughter* (Ryerson, 256 pp., $3.50)—as domestic romances. True, they trace the course of romantic love in a domestic rural setting. But that setting is not the simple, homespun way of life in a traditional Canadian home. Mrs. Eggleston's book is about a Lithuanian family in an Alberta coal town, and Miss Taylor's is about a Doukhobor family in a British Columbia valley. And, in each novel, romantic love is something more than a reliable convention for arousing interest. It is linked with the development of character and with an ironic social situation. The central characters of each novel are remarkably alike: they are both adolescent girls forced into maturity by a consciousness of the conflicting claims of the old European society and the new Canadian society of which they feel themselves increasingly a part. Their love affairs are not so much passionate attachments as opportunities for escape, for the partial realization of their obscure, but powerful aspirations. In neither novel is there a happy romantic fulfilment. We leave Mrs. Eggleston's Maggy Mileris stripped of her romantic illusions, facing the future with wisdom born of experience; and we leave Miss Taylor's Anna Kolesnikoff stoically preparing for the prearranged marriage that will send her back to the old way of life.

Each of these novels is written in a style appropriate to its thoroughly realistic approach to experience. Miss Taylor's prose is sober and unadorned, an adequate instrument for her carefully controlled purpose. Mrs. Eggleston's prose is more flexible and adventurous; she gains some more striking successes, but she is also betrayed more easily into bathos. And she permits the didactic note to emerge a little too shrilly, in passages where the concept of the new Canada is expressed.

*Mountain Shadows* and *Anastasia's Daughter* are not great novels. They are in a good central Canadian tradition of fiction, which is serious, conservative, and either explicitly or implicitly didactic. But in their theme—the adaptation of the Old World to the New World in a country that may be unreceptive, but is rarely harsh and repressive—they provide part of the answer to Mr. Shapiro's plea for a bold cosmopolitan note in Canadian literature.

## III. SOCIAL STUDIES

*Alexander Brady*

Much Canadian history is written in biographies. This has been the case in the past, and remains the case in the present. Early in the twentieth century was published the first ambitious series on the country's development entitled "Makers of Canada" (1904), where in twenty volumes the course of history was surveyed in the careers of leading men, from Samuel Champlain to Sir Charles Tupper. A few years later another and bolder publishing venture, "Canada and Its Provinces," attempted in part to redress the balance: in its portly volumes institutional, economic, and regional history was dealt with extensively, and great men fell into their appropriate background. From the early twenties scholars began to investigate with wider references and different interests the Canadian past, but biographers were still notably to the fore, pursuing the careers of explorers, fur-traders, governors, politicians, and railway builders. In the first quarter of the present century the leading historians, such as Wrong, Shortt, Skelton, Morton, Martin, and Wallace, whatever else they may have written, also wrote biography, for they were disposed to see history in terms of men.

We need not and cannot explore here the meaning of this fact. However explained, the writing of national history through the lives of individuals is still with us, despite the expanding stream of monographs on economic and institutional growth, and it is specially evident in the studies of 1955. A distinguished addition to our knowledge of the past is Donald Creighton's *John A. Macdonald: The Old Chieftain* (Macmillan, xii, 630 pp., $5.75). This work completes a two-volume biography, which we may bracket with the two equally stout volumes of C. B. Sissons on *Egerton Ryerson: His Life and Times* (the last of the volumes on Ryerson appeared in 1947) as constituting perhaps the two finest biographies we have, and certainly the finest to appear in the last quarter of a century. Both are rich additions to the history of Canada.

The first volume of Donald Creighton's work had an excellent reception in 1952, and the second deserves an even more generous welcome. It is more tightly knit, on the whole better written, more urbane in judgment, and deeply revealing in the light that it throws on the beginnings of the Canadian nation. It has the interest of treating Macdonald in the twenty-odd years when he more than any other individual dominated the politics of the country. He had moved on from coping with the parochial and often frustrating issues of the united provinces to the larger

and more stimulating problems of a continental state, and he now demonstrated his capacity in all its maturity. We need not attempt here the detailed review to which this book is entitled in historical journals. But one feature of it deserves special commendation: it is literature as well as biography and history. Donald Creighton is a stylist with a sense for the dramatic, and stylists are all too few among modern Canadian scholars. For him an effective sentence is something significant, and a well-designed chapter leading to a climax is worthy of effort. He borrows freely from the arts of the novelist. He skilfully introduces facts about weather, scenery and the clothes worn by men and women to give pictorial background to human action. His incidents are rigorously subordinated to a design. He seeks to portray Macdonald, not merely as a Prime Minister, but as a human being beset with private as well as public troubles. At first a reader may wonder whether it is relevant to be told about Sir John's pallor and Lady Macdonald's headaches, but before he is half-way through the volume he ceases to wonder. Even trivial details have their place in the portrait. There are ornate literary embellishments here, and few of them a reader could afford to miss.

While scrupulously attending to the facts of biography, Donald Creighton does not neglect the facts of history, and these were of major importance between 1867 and 1891. In this period, amid doubts and fears, the foundations of modern Canada were laid. "The whole of our present system is an experiment," wrote Sir John to a dissatisfied correspondent in 1868. The salient points concerning the inauguration of this experiment in nation-building are here admirably reviewed: the fears of leaders concerning the unfriendly intentions of the American politicians, the urgency of expansion to the West despite the formidable obstacles in the way, the shrewd good sense of Macdonald's conception of Canada's place in the Empire, and the gravity at times of the country's economic position. These circumstances are treated with deftness of touch and sureness of insight. It is interesting to find Macdonald in 1872 entertaining considerable doubts about the name "Conservative party." He would have preferred that of "Union party" as more fitting for one which stood most clearly for a union with Britain, and for a union of all the provinces indissolubly linked by railways. The combining of wide territories under the Crown and the reconciling of diverse elements within the one state were Macdonald's main ideas, and a party title to symbolize them would have been a more appropriate monument to his leadership. His conception of a union of all British North America was in turn his conception of the nation, and was intended as a counter

to the continental idea, which in his later years impressed so many of his Liberal opponents.

To Sir John Macdonald Canadians are indebted, and in Donald Creighton's volumes their debt is admirably described and assessed.

Another biography of the year deals with a man who ruled Canada for an even longer period than did Sir John, *The Age of Mackenzie King: The Rise of the Leader*, by H. S. Ferns and B. Ostry (Heinemann [British Book Service], xiv, 356 pp., $4.25). This is the third book on Mackenzie King since 1949 and the most painstaking, although it merely covers his career up to his nomination as leader of the Liberal party in August, 1919. Bruce Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian* was sparkling and entertaining, but deficient in analysis of political developments and situations. The authors of the present study have ranged widely and dug deeply in the search for relevant evidence. They have examined many manuscript collections, and in particular drawn heavily on the Laurier papers. The Mackenzie King who emerges from their labours is a man with great energy, no mean ability, and an indefatigable will for power. He not merely knew what he wanted, but was remarkably acute in perceiving how to get it. He knew what publicity to obtain and what wires to pull. But his mind did not dwell simply on the petty devices of self-advancement. At the University of Toronto he was a zealous student, determined to acquire a thorough intellectual preparation for his career. He pursued graduate study in Chicago and Harvard, and had prospects of an academic appointment in the United States. Instead, at the age of twenty-six, he was appointed by the then Postmaster General and family friend, William Mulock, as deputy minister in the newly created Department of Labour at Ottawa. He impressed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who brought him into parliament and within a year into his cabinet. Thus he was well on the road to the leadership of the Liberal party some ten years later, and in the interval made effective use of his opportunities.

In this study there is much that is illuminating, especially on Canadian politics between 1900 and 1918. But as a biography it is seriously incomplete. In a book confined to the early part of King's career we properly expect to have a full and convincing portrayal of the man's personality, but we do not get it. He is delineated for us as an individual of cold temperament, driven by a powerful ambition and greatly helped by a mastery of Machiavellian arts. These facts are doubtless true, but is there nothing more to be said about King's personality? Ambition after all is not novel in a politician, indeed it is likely to be the essential

nourishment of his energies. A reader is left, not merely feeling unsatisfied with the incompleteness of the portrait, but disturbed by the pronounced bias throughout. The authors, like lawyers arguing for a conviction, seem anxious to belittle almost everything King did before 1918. Never does he get the benefit of the doubt when the available evidence is uncertain, and the animus, however veiled, is so savage that a reader cannot help wondering whether the biographers are handling the evidence with honesty. The idea on which the whole strategy of King's public career and policies appeared to rest was that of conciliation. The authors cast doubt at times on the genuineness of his professions, and seem, whether it is their intention or not, to question even the value of the idea itself. The result is that they give a distorted view of the most important piece of legislation which King as a civil servant helped to shape, the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of 1907. Yet, despite distortions, the book is not without merit as history, and naturally it will gladden the hearts of Mackenzie King's many critics.

*None of It Came Easy: The Story of James Garfield Gardiner* by Nathaniel A. Benson (Burns and MacEachern, 273 pp., $3.50) is the account of a contemporay political leader and Minister of Agriculture in Ottawa. In a brief foreword Mr. Burton T. Richardson, editor of Toronto's *Evening Telegram*, remarks that "what is needed, if Canadians in future are to understand the persons and circumstances who create the Canada of the twentieth century, is more biography done on the spot and in the heat of the day." Something may be said for this view. But, alas, the writing of contemporary biography is beset with difficulties, and the examples are rare where these difficulties are overcome. At least four books were written on Mackenzie King in his lifetime (one was a mere sketch by an acclaimed master of popular biography, Emil Ludwig), and today no one is likely to spend much time in reading any of them. In the case of a politician such books are often written to help him win elections, and for this purpose may or may not possess value. Produced in the heat of the day they are seldom entitled to survive it. But there is at least one distinguished Canadian exception in Sir John Willison's *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*, published in 1903. Willison was a brilliant journalist, who surveyed the political controversies of his time with an impressive grasp and genuine insight. If Mr. Richardson can persuade some of his fellow editors to produce studies comparable to Willison's it will be a gain indeed. He can better say whether this is possible under the demanding conditions of modern journalism.

What now of Nathaniel Benson's book on Mr. Gardiner? It traces the career of a short but vigorous man, born in a log-house in Huron County, Ontario, who migrated to the West in the days of its sanguine expansion, taught school, talked himself into politics, exhibited his native shrewdness in dealing with the farmers of Saskatchewan, by the age of forty-two was premier of the province, and at seventy-three is still a minister of the Crown. This book has about it a rambling and aimless air, and more space is devoted to trivia than seems necessary. It does, of course, provide facts about Mr. Gardiner and also about western politics, but it fails to say anything very illuminating about either. We are likely to remember much more some of its digressive anecdotes of prairie notables than its interpretative probings of prairie movements, and that is doubtless what Mr. Benson most of all aimed at.

*None of It Came Easy* deals with twentieth-century pioneering and politics in the West; by contrast *Lake Erie Baron: The Story of Colonel Thomas Talbot*, by Fred Coyne Hamil (Macmillan, x, 326 pp., $5.00), deals with pioneering a century earlier in Upper Canada. Colonel Thomas Talbot, member of an aristocratic Anglo-Irish family, was a remarkable figure in the early history of Ontario, with no rival in the powers he employed or in the role he played. He had first entered the province as a soldier and became an aide to Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe. But it was in 1801 that he finally returned to settle permanently and to accumulate an immense estate north of Lake Erie. Lands to be settled under his direction stretched for 130 miles from Long Point to the Detroit River, and here in primeval forests he exercised a sway almost like a medieval feudal baron. He selected settlers for the land, and when they failed to comply with his regulations he promptly took it back from them and gave it to others. As an autocratic colonizer he had succeeded, before his death in 1853, in peopling the vast range of forested territory under his control. The present book is the first complete and informative study, based on wide and careful perusal of primary sources. It is written well, but not with vigour.

There are some entertaining and informative books which do not rise to the dignity of biographies, but are about people and their experiences. A fair sample is *Days of Lorne* by W. Stewart MacNutt (Brunswick Press, x, 262 pp., $4.75). It consists of eleven chapters, written in a light and pleasing prose, on certain aspects of Lord Lorne's work when he was Governor-General of Canada, 1878–1883. It is based mainly on his private letters, long kept in Inverary Castle, and one cannot suppress the wish that there were more extracts from them.

The text is reinforced by engaging contemporary cartoons and illustrations. Admittedly the book adds little to what we already know about these years, and in a few incidents, such as the affair of Letellier, it may even mislead. But it provides piquant snapshots of some of the personalities and situations of the time, and most of all it illustrates the real upsurge of nationalist sentiment and opinion in Canada's second decade. Lord Lorne himself had some enthusiasms about Canada, but he was not above deploring the cultural poverty of its life, and to him largely is due the establishment of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts and the Royal Society.

Another revealing and entertaining book, much more on social and family life than on public affairs, is *My Dearest Sophie*, edited by C. B. Sissons (Ryerson, xxxviii, 350 pp., $5.00). It embraces 373 letters written by Egerton Ryerson to an only daughter, Sophie, married to Edward Harris of Eldon House, London, Ontario. The editor in his introduction gives a short and admirable account of Ryerson and his family, and his explanatory notes are a helpful guide to the correspondence. The letters begin in 1860, on the marriage of Sophie, and continue to 1881, the year preceding Ryerson's death. Although they are usually about the smaller matters of family relationships and friends of Ryerson and his daughter, they throw at times a sidelight on public affairs as well as on the character and outlook of a doting father and a doughty Methodist. By the seventies, it is evident, Ryerson had no enthusiasm for either political party. "The great body of both parties," he wrote in 1875, "is composed of honest and patriotic men, who are in reality one in judgment and aim for the advancement of the country, though in name and past traditions divided; but the leaders of the conservative party have shown themselves corrupt and reckless, while the leading grits have shown themselves corrupt and mean." This sad disillusionment is perhaps not surprising in view of Ryerson's many tussles with politicians of all stripes.

It may well seem a long and startling leap from *My Dearest Sophie* to *Red Sails on the Great Lakes* by J. A. (Pat) Sullivan (Macmillan, x, 189 pp., $2.00). Here again we have personal experiences conveyed, although not through intimate letters like Ryerson's, but in a somewhat sensational public confession by Pat Sullivan, one time Great Lakes seaman, President of the Canadian Seamen's Union, Secretary-Treasurer of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada (1943–47), and for an interval of eleven years a faithful stalwart of the Communist party, or, as it came to be called after 1940, the Labour Progressive Party. The

author finally left this party in disgust with the double-dealing and double-talk necessary for continued membership. He dedicates his book to the trade unionists of North America, and he wants them to read it as a revelation of the conspiracies, insincerities, and trickeries of Communists in the labour movement. He tells his story quite well, although he relates little about Communist tactics which is not already known to all who are interested in the theme. This is not to say that his book lacks appeal. Little of this confessional literature has hitherto been written by Canadians, and it is of some value to have the Communist machinations within the labour movement of Canada exposed. Lest the use of the word "confessional" mislead, it should be added that Pat Sullivan is not given to those involved introspections about his own past motives sometimes found in such writings. He simply settles down, in a hard-headed fashion, to tell an interesting story about politics which, he is convinced, has genuine public importance, especially to the leaders of labour.

Among the formal works of history, *Foundations of Canadian Nationhood* by Chester Martin (University of Toronto Press, xx, 554 pp., $7.50) is by all odds the most distinguished. Its tightly packed and analytical chapters are the fruit of a life's labour in research and teaching. They are the culmination of intensive studies that began with Professor Martin's first monograph, published in 1916, *Lord Selkirk's Work in Canada*. In assessing Selkirk's achievement he was dealing merely with one foundation stone of the Canadian nation, namely the settlement and development of the territories that were the original domain of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the intervening years he deepened his study of western development and investigated other basic elements in the national structure, especially responsible government through the parliamentary system, the federal scheme for organizing political power, the expansion of territory from sea to sea, and the international recognition of Canada as a political entity. The result is his present comprehensive treatise, a true *magnum opus*.

In our limited space it is impossible to review adequately *Foundations of Canadian Nationhood*. It is a closely argued analysis on the themes mentioned above, and throughout the aim is to examine the factors which influenced political decisions, and the course of development which resulted from these decisions. It rests on remarkably wide reading in public documents and private papers. One main strand of interpretation runs through most of the book. It is indicated in a sentence in the opening chapter to the effect that from "the first British

empire in America have come the basic institutions and traditions which now distinguish Canada among the nations of the new world." In brief British political institutions were introduced to America with the settlements that began at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock and developed to the unfortunate breaking-point or great divide of the American Revolution. They left a deep imprint upon the revolutionary creation that resulted from the independence of the Thirteen Colonies, but naturally the new republic did not in the future develop in harmony with the British model. In Nova Scotia and in the United Canadas, however, such development proceeded, and responsible government and national autonomy were the result. Thus British political ideas, first introduced to America in the seventeenth century, found an ultimate fulfilment in the colonies to the north. The modern Commonwealth was, of course, also a result, since it came from pursuing in Canada the pragmatic logic of the British political system and from the work of leaders who in the last century applied the logic. It may be objected that this interpretation of Canadian nationhood is too narrow in dwelling so much on political factors to the exclusion of other influences. Nationality is usually the result of many diverse elements in an inheritance and environment. But to Professor Martin the one inescapable fact of Canada's nationhood is a political fact, and behind it is a powerful tradition and a special frame of political thinking. *Foundations of Canadian Nationhood* is a detailed presentation of this view, unmatched in careful scholarship and analysis.

A monograph complementary to the large work of Chester Martin is *The Colonial Office and Canada, 1867–1887*, by David M. L. Farr (University of Toronto Press, xii, 362 pp., $5.50). In nine lucid chapters it reviews such matters as the organization of the Colonial Office, the imperial guarantee on colonial loans, the Governor-General and the disallowance of provincial acts, appeals to the Privy Council, the Colonial Office and Canadian commercial treaties, and the broad imperial relationship in opinion and practice. One general fact looms up amid the detail: the British Government through the Colonial Office made no serious attempt to impede the growth of Canadian nationality and its ample expression. There were differences of opinion between Canadian leaders and imperial statesmen, and the latter, out of regard for Britain's diplomatic interest, sometimes pursued policies that did not meet approval in Ottawa. But the pace of national growth was really set within Canada itself, not in Downing Street. This fact is again

illustrated in the fascinating *Dufferin-Carnarvon Correspondence, 1874–1878*, edited by C. W. de Kiewiet and F. H. Underhill (Champlain Society, lviii, 442 pp.). Lord Dufferin saw with remarkable insight and sympathy the nation-making forces within Canada.

There must necessarily be different kinds of history, and in Bruce Hutchison's *The Struggle for the Border* (Longmans, Green, xii, 500 pp., $6.00) we have the popular kind. Bruce Hutchison is editor of the *Victoria Daily Times*, and the author of at least two books which have won wide popularity: *The Unknown Country: Canada and Her People*, and *The Incredible Canadian*. He is successful because of his breezy candour, graphic language, and the infusion of an adequate and appropriate sentiment into what he writes. In *The Struggle for the Border* he attempts to explain how it came about that there are two nations living alongside each other in peace and fellowship on the North American continent. To do so he sketches quickly the leading incidents in Canada's history and takes a hurried look at some of those in the evolution of the United States. I refer to incidents, but it should be remarked that in Bruce Hutchison's history virtually all the incidents are simply the specific actions of individuals. He also writes history in terms of men. He disarmingly comments that "this is not a formal book of history. It is an adventure story of men in action." The men in action range from Champlain, founder of Quebec, to Mr. St. Laurent, and include also not a few Americans from George Washington to Harry Truman. The actions described are not always of a purely physical or mundane nature. The author tells, with an engaging simplicity, how after the death of Roosevelt, Mackenzie King, as soon as he could escape his business in Ottawa, "hurried to England, consulted his secret spiritualistic mediums there, and established contact with his dead friend. At first Roosevelt urged King to retire and save his dwindling health; later he changed his mind and decided that King must remain in politics and guide his nation through an approaching storm—or so King reported to his intimates."

What is one to think of Bruce Hutchison's excursion into history? It provides good literary entertainment, and for many ordinary folk who will rarely if ever read a book of history it will foster some sense of Canada's past and perhaps some pride in its achievements. Admittedly it is misleading on some things, but on the whole they are not important things. The contrast, however, that it offers to Chester Martin's erudite *Foundations of Canadian Nationhood* is remarkable indeed.

More studies than usual appeared in economics. Of wide and genuine interest is the two-volume treatise, *Taxes, Tariffs and Subsidies: A History of Canadian Fiscal Development*, by J. Harvey Perry (University of Toronto Press, 2 vols., xviii, 1–324; xii, 325–763 pp., $25.00). Mr. Perry is the director of the Canadian Tax Foundation, which sponsors his large and rather costly book. Already he has achieved a national reputation as an expert on problems of taxation, and the present study will enhance it. In his clearly written volumes he has done something new and important: he has provided a complete survey of Canada's fiscal history from 1867 to the present. The *Sirois Report* of fifteen years ago contained much information on salient aspects of the theme, and some monographs have covered special sectors of the subject. But Mr. Perry has accomplished the painstaking task of marshalling a wealth of information on the main phases of fiscal policy and within the framework of a clear and logical plan. His principal object has been to trace the rising needs for public revenue and describe how officials and ministers of finance have met them. His second volume is more valuable than the first, for it offers a more detailed and illuminating scrutiny. It picks up the theme with the coming of the Second World War, and brings it almost down to the present. The first volume, in tracing fiscal developments over the long period from 1867 to 1940, inevitably has to treat certain sections of the history lightly, and all the available sources of information are not tapped. But in the second volume Mr. Perry puts to excellent account his fifteen years' employment with the federal Department of Finance, when he was closely associated with the formulation of Canada's tax plans. His own work in the public service becomes a part of his history. He can write from a valuable experience inside the offices where much fiscal policy is made. He is in an excellent position to criticize policies, but he mainly interprets his role as that of analyst rather than critic. The whole work reflects a cool and objective mind, although it does not detract from the author's achievement to say that among other things it illustrates what is possible when a scholar has adequate assistance in coping with detail. The admirable tables of the second volume, with their abundant and useful information not available elsewhere, are made possible by skilled help.

Another excellent and allied study, but in this case on the periphery of fiscal policies, is *Tariff Procedures and Trade Barriers: A Study of Indirect Protection in Canada and the United States*, by G. A. Elliott (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 293 pp., $5.95). Sponsored and

assisted by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, it examines customs procedures in order to assess their protective effects, and thus it may be called a study of adminstrative protection. This book also breaks fresh ground. It deals with a subject intricate and difficult, and it succeeds in doing so with clarity.

The other four books on economics are specialized monographs in a new series edited by Professor V. W. Bladen, "Canadian Studies in Economics," sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and published by the University of Toronto Press. All four are by young and academic economists, who demonstrate in different ways the modern methods of economic analysis. Limits of space here preclude any attempt to review them, but they are important enough to warrant a listing. They are: *Capital Formation in Canada, 1896–1930*, by Kenneth Buckley (x, 163 pp., $3.25); *Natural Resources: The Economics of Conservation*, by Anthony Scott (xii, 184 pp., $3.25); *The Canadian Nickel Industry*, by O. W. Main (x, 168 pp., $3.25); and *Bank of Canada Operations, 1935–54*, by E. P. Neufeld (x, 221 pp., $3.75).

Important and encouraging in the decade since the last war is the expanding interest of Canadian social scientists in themes that extend beyond Canada, or are even unrelated to Canada. It is an interest that accompanies that of Canadian public men in the outside world, a fact admirably illustrated in the thoughtful lectures given at Princeton University by the Honourable Lester B. Pearson and published as *Democracy in World Politics* (S. J. Reginald Saunders, x, 123 pp., $2.75). Three notable examples of scholarly works of this kind in the present year are: Tryggvi J. Oleson's *The Witenagemot in the Reign of Edward the Confessor* (University of Toronto Press, x, 187 pp., $5.00), R. T. McKenzie's *British Political Parties* (Heinemann [British Book Service], xvi, 623 pp., $6.00), and H. B. Mayo's *Democracy and Marxism* (Oxford University Press, xii, 364 pp., $5.50). All three are important in their respective fields. Dr. R. T. McKenzie, now resident in England and a lecturer in the London School of Economics, has won wide acclaim for his work in Britain, and Professor Mayo's *Democracy and Marxism* has had a cordial reception in the United States. Professor Oleson's *Witenagemot* naturally appeals to a much more limited public, but it exhibits scholarship in a field where the requirements of scholarship are rigorous. It is not fanciful to consider such books as evidence of a growing range and vitality in Canadian social study.

## IV. CANADA, THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE *J. M. S. Careless*

This section has had quite a good year. Its books give fuller representation to the varied regions of Canada than those of the year before. There also seem to be more volumes of lasting value, fewer mere tourist handbooks—"From here we take Highway 37 to the charming little village of Catchascatchcan." There is a handsome new collection of French-Canadian folklore, for example. There are three more excellent Pioneer Books, in that series which seeks to print or re-publish some of the more interesting and relatively unavailable writings on early life in the country. And, in particular, Saskatchewan's Golden Jubilee as a province has stimulated the production of a number of good regional works. Indeed, one might wish for more anniversary celebrations in Canada, if they were all as thoughtfully handled as this one, with its emphasis on recalling the past roots of the community. Alberta held a similar jubilee, but apparently was more interested in the oil-golden present: at any rate, nothing comparable to Saskatchewan's historical outpourings has come to hand. (The reader is referred to p. 356 for a comment on two other productions inspired by these jubilees.)

To give Saskatchewan the pride of place it deserves, one might begin with Jim Wright's *Saskatchewan: The History of a Province* (McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 292 pp., $5.00), commissioned by the provincial Golden Jubilee Committee as part of its well-considered programme for commemoration. This is a lucid and comprehensive general study, admirably designed and illustrated. If it is not particularly interpretative, it is satisfyingly factual; if it omits the scholarly trappings of footnotes, it has the ring of authenticity and sound research about it. The book begins as it should with a graphic exposition of the environment, and never loses sight of the soil and weather so significant to an agrarian community. Nor does it forget the national and international developments quite as important to this region of primary producers and world traders. The chapters of history since the coming of provincial status in 1905 are the most valuable. One might wish that there were nine other such provincial histories across Canada.

Another worthy product of public sponsorship is *Regina, the Queen City*, by Earl G. Drake (McClelland & Stewart, xii, 260 pp., $5.00), financed by the citizens of Regina. It traces the history of their municipality from buffalo pound to provincial capital, with meticulous detail and convincing characterization of the community throughout. Mr.

Drake has written a scholarly, well-organized account, almost a model of municipal history, and has had it well illustrated with contemporary photographs. He delineates Regina's struggles to grow in the face of no evident advantages—it was founded on an arbitrarily chosen spot on the bald prairie; in its favour was only its political headship, first of the Northwest Territories and then of the province of Saskatchewan. He does not fail to notice the lack of municipal planning by early city fathers chiefly interested in real estate profits, or the somewhat narrow and self-righteous atmosphere of Regina's emerging society: again this is a model of Canadian civic history in more than one sense. Yet he equally displays a deserved pride in the final urban product, far better than might have been expected, a solidly based, increasingly attractive western "Queen city," virtually transformed by human endeavour from a map reference in 1882 to the home of 78,000 people in 1954.

Smaller in scale, but similar in purpose to this civic history, are Golden Jubilee booklets recording the past of such Saskatchewan communities as Yorkton, Nokomis, Melfort, North Battleford and the Assiniboia District: respectively, *Ox Trails to Highways* by H. Swallow (Yorkton Jubilee Committee, 111 pp., illus., $2.00), *Nokomis, the Junction Town*, by Edythe Humphrey (Nokomis, Wreford Homemakers Club, vi, 45 pp., illus., 85¢), *Voices of the Past* (Melfort and District Jubilee Committee, 138 pp., illus., $1.25), *Skyline* (North Battleford Jubilee Committee, 84 pp., illus., $1.00), and *Golden Memories* (Assiniboia Jubilee Committee, 88 pp., illus., $1.00). These are humbler, more amateur efforts, sometimes lacking in clear organization and polished presentation. Yet apart from preserving much important local information they are all praiseworthy for the obvious care and loving concern that have gone into them. This history in miniature can often have more reality and lively honesty than larger, more formal studies, and it is not the least significant achievement of the past year in Saskatchewan.

Similar to these again, in its reminiscent character, is *These are the Prairies*, by Marie A. Hamilton, with the collaboration of her husband, Zachary M. Hamilton (Regina, School Aids and Text Book Publishing Co., 277 pp., $3.00). Here is a sizable part of early Saskatchewan history from the standpoint of a western pioneer whose memory goes back to the foundation of Regina in 1882. It is a useful complement to the books by Wright and Drake, making plain that many of the events they describe lie within the recollection of living people. The

narrative is loosely constructed, part autobiography, part a retailing of the stories of other settlers in the early days; but it often vividly highlights features of Saskatchewan's development: the "melancholy hush" in Regina the morning of Riel's execution, the junketting excursion trains to sell Saskatchewan lands, and the ebullient figure of Nicholas Flood Davin, early western journalist, who once explained to an eastern lady visitor that the "queer little erections" behind Regina buildings were sentry boxes in case of an Indian outbreak.

Another work on settlement days in Saskatchewan, wholly autobiographical, is *Gully Farm* by Mary Hiemstra (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 311, pp., $4.00), surely one of the best books of the year. It narrates the earliest struggles of a family of Barr Colonists from Yorkshire to root themselves in the rich but rigorous wild prairie country between Saskatoon and Battleford after 1903. The author was a little girl of six at the time, and she tells her story simply and movingly, as she saw it unfold through a child's eyes. The beauty, wonder, and impassive heartlessness of the vast new land are there. So are the strength and warmth of her parents, her father's endless hope and vision of the future, her mother's constant devotion to her husband and family, despite frightening loneliness and distrust of a vision she could not share. The words are trite, but this book gives them meaning: it is a tale of honest courage, of a sort that dignifies the whole building of Canada.

*The Saskatchewan Icelanders*, by W. J. Lindal (Winnipeg, the author, 363 pp., illus.) is yet one more work occasioned by the Jubilee celebrations (see p. 405 for further comment). In commemorating the notable Icelandic contribution to the province's development, it goes from the broadest themes of linking Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon medieval backgrounds to listing the names of "Saskatchewan Icelanders" who served in two World Wars. To say the least it is discursive, and sometimes broken and patchy in presentation. Yet the author's purpose is clear: to record permanently and in detail every aspect of the Icelandic "strand of the Canadian fabric," and while his product is of uneven interest for the general reader, no one can doubt its essential value or its fitting nature as a tribute.

Alberta this year is represented by *Fort Augustus—Edmonton* by G. H. MacDonald (Edmonton, the author, 1954, 255 pp.). This is a history of the colourful old fur trade fort that preceded the city of Edmonton, and in its day lorded over much of the northwestern interior. A deal of somewhat extraneous material on the fur trade generally, its routes, explorers, and Pacific coast activities, is included

Much of this material could, but has not been satisfactorily integrated. Indeed, the whole book suffers from a lack of integration and proper editing. The author is aware of these faults, and explains them by the need to produce the work in haste—yet this explanation is not wholly acceptable, since there is so much good material here and such an expensive-looking format that it seems a shame to have let the project be marred by lack of effective editorial direction. Nevertheless the mass of data so carefully collected, and the lavish illustrations of contemporary pictures and early photographs go a long way to redeem it. The author is at his best in describing the appearance and construction of the fort buildings. He is, in fact, a professional architect and his volume is a by-product of a wholly commendable plan to re-erect Fort Edmonton as a historical monument and museum.

We reach the Pacific Coast with *Adventure in Two Hemispheres*, by J. S. Marshall and Carrie Marshall (Vancouver, the authors, xiv, 208 pp., $5.50), a lengthy account of Captain George Vancouver's voyage of 1791–5 to the Coast and the Hawaiian Islands. Based on Vancouver's journal and crammed with good quotations from it, this makes available to the general reader the full story of a classic journey of exploration. Its attractiveness for this purpose, however, is diminished by the rather involved and artless narration, marked by repetition and breaks in chronology. Perhaps the book's chief value is that it gives convenient access to Vancouver's own remarks, enhanced by useful editorial comments and careful identification of geographic names. There are also some laudable reproductions of original charts, with modern maps besides.

The only excuse for inserting the next "regional" study here is that the average British Columbian finds the Doukhobor at least as engrossing a subject as the exploits of Captain George Vancouver. Really this work better belongs under the heading of Social Studies, although it does treat fully of Doukhobor life, history, and employment in the southern interior of the province, as well as providing a sociological and psychological analysis of their religion and society. *The Doukhobors of British Columbia* (Dent, xii, 288 pp., $5.50) is an outcome of the Research Committee of social scientists set up by the University of British Columbia, at the request of the provincial government, to supply expert information and advice on the Doukhobor problem. Chaired by Professor H. B. Hawthorn, the Committee made an exhaustive examination and issued a report in 1954. The present book is based on that report, with some new material and comments, and is jointly

written by Committee members. Some readers may feel that Professor Hawthorn's own general introductory chapter and set of recommendations are the meat of the book; others may find particular interest in the chapters on Doukhobor family environment, economic and social life, or religion. The only hostile reaction of readers may be, that they are told more about the Doukhobors than they really care to know—British Columbians excepted. Yet, generally, it is an impressive study, governed by objective scholarship, and most handsomely produced withal.

Nevertheless, it is a little like getting out of school to pick up Elsie Gregory MacGill's *My Mother the Judge* (Ryerson, xvi, 248 pp., $4.50), a biography of the late Judge Helen MacGill, journalist, suffragette, first woman jurist in British Columbia, and ardent proponent of social legislation during a distinguished career of twenty-three years on the Vancouver Juvenile Court. This is written in a polished, evocative style—if it is at times a bit overworked and mannered—and the author has a talent for giving reality to historical background that makes for an effective biography. Her deep respect for her mother's character and ability comes through no less than her obvious filial affection. Judge MacGill lives as a very feminine, courageous, and highly capable personality. There is besides a warm feminist note throughout, natural enough to the story of a woman who had constantly to fight entrenched masculine prejudice for the recognition she deserved. Yet the King Charles' Head of male whims and intolerance that bobbed up in these pages slightly oppressed this reviewer: no doubt revealing his own sense of shortcoming in the face of two such determined and gifted women as the mother and daughter presented there.

*Ahoy There!* by Will Dawson (Dent, x, 230 pp., $3.50) is an engaging account of the unusual design for living maintained by the writer and his wife, who dwell aboard the home-like yawl *West Wind* and freely sail the waters between Vancouver Island and the mainland. It makes pleasant escapist reading, featured by sensitive description of channels and coast, and an attractive blend of adventure and sea-going domesticity, but it need not keep us long. In fact, it brings a leap to another sea-going story on the other side of Canada, and there is nothing domestic or escapist about this record of seamanship in violent North Atlantic waters. *Bluenose Skipper* by G. J. Gillespie (Fredericton, N.B., Brunswick Press, vii, 129 pp., $2.00) is a brief biography of Lunenburg's Captain Angus Walters, and almost as much of the

schooner *Bluenose* that he commanded long and triumphantly. Since, to the shame of the Canadian people, this symbol of a great maritime tradition was not preserved, it is good to have the exploits of the *Bluenose* at least recorded in print. It is only unfortunate that they had to be so condensed, and presented in such a broken style, with strange, short, chopped-up paragraphs. Nonetheless the book captures the salt, fog, and storm of the Bank fisheries, and makes very clear that Captain Walters was no week-end yachtsman, and that his ship, for all her speed and beauty, was a sturdy, working salt-banker that survived Sable Island sands and near-capsizing off Falmouth, England, before coming to her end as a banana freighter on a West Indian reef in 1946.

Still on the East Coast, Will Bird's *Done at Grand Pré* (Ryerson, xii, 179 pp., $3.75) re-examines the expulsion of the Acadians in time for the bi-centenary of that tragedy. His object is to open all the records bearing on the deportation, tracing its causes back as well into Acadia's troubled past. He denies any aim of putting forward his own interpretation, but does not fail to condemn the "bigotry" or romanticism of earlier accounts, and notably Longfellow's fantasy, which conveniently ignored the fact that the deed he so bewailed at Grand Pré was done not by British redcoats but by New England bluecoats, and that the expulsion was largely the result of New England fears and New England designs. The chief faults of the imperial authorities were those of laxity and indifference. The book really adds little to the work of leading French- and English-speaking scholars on the subject; nor does Mr. Bird make such a claim for this popular digest. One word of complaint, though: since his study has a popular purpose, why should a noted novelist present it in such a pedestrian style? Some parts are virtually the records themselves turned into indirect discourse and sprinkled with "he wrote, he penned." The original extracts might often have been more effective. The author, perhaps, has had an honest fear of distorting his material; but there need not have been any deviation from truth in constructing a descriptive narrative based on the sources he has so conscientiously examined.

Two books on New Brunswick Loyalists may be dealt with next. One is simply the republication of Grace Helen Mowat's *The Diverting History of a Loyalist Town* (Brunswick Press, 152 pp., $3.00), but this pleasantly chatty little chronicle of St. Andrews, first published in a limited edition in 1932, has merited a re-appearance. The other is a more significant volume, *The Loyalists of New Brunswick*, by Esther Clark Wright (Ottawa, the author, vi, 365 pp., $4.00). This is based

on Mrs. Wright's extensive researches into her native New Brunswick, and gives a detailed and documented analysis of the Loyalist movement into the area, its distribution there, and, more briefly, its consequences for the emerging province. Here is another work of lasting value; not the least of its merits is its full appendix listing the actual names of Loyalist settlers, their former homes, and the grants they occupied.

Early Prince Edward Island is dealt with in one of this year's Pioneer Books. *Journeys to the Island of St. John*, edited by D. C. Harvey (Macmillan, viii, 213 pp., $3.75), offers three accounts of sojourns in the infant British colony: Thomas Curtis's in 1775 (from a manuscript never before published), Walter Johnstone's in 1820–1, and John Lewellin's in 1824–6. Each is competently placed in perspective and linked into a commentary on the island's development by editorial introductions. Curtis's description is the most unfavourable; which is not surprising since he had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on the wintry coast when the colony was very sparsely populated. Johnstone's is the fullest, based on wide travels through the settlements, and Lewellin's is the most glowing, as he sets out to encourage more British emigrants to settle there. All three provide a vivid picture of settlement life in the island—and make this book an apt and interesting maritime addition to the Pioneer series.

A larger and still more fascinating compilation of travel accounts is *Early Travellers in the Canadas, 1791–1867*, edited by G. M. Craig (Macmillan, 300 pp., illus., $5.00). This consists of extracts from the writings of thirty visitors to Upper and Lower Canada, between 1791 and 1867, each identified in a concise prefatory note. The extracts have been judiciously selected to illustrate various stages and aspects of Canadian development before Confederation, as reported by the inquiring outsider. They are also varied in character, some enthusiastic, others deprecating; some concerned with weighty issues and sober analysis, others with surface impressions and anecdotes, personal and otherwise—like the "pigeon story," passed on secondhand by one traveller, of the hunter who had to blast air holes in an enveloping mass of countless birds to escape suffocation: shades of Baron Munchausen and W. C. Fields! Yet almost all are richly descriptive, and filled with social comment that reveals nearly as much about contemporary British opinion as it does of Canadian pioneer life and attitudes. A substantial introduction, usefully drawing elements of a pattern out of the extracts, and a comprehensive bibliography of travel literature on the early Canadian

provinces, round out this wholly readable, and very knowledgeable, second contribution to the Pioneer Books of the year.

The third Pioneer Book is *In Search of the Magnetic North*, edited and introduced by G. F. G. Stanley (Macmillan, xxx, 171 pp., $3.50). Professor Stanley himself uncovered the letters of Captain J. H. Lefroy published in this book; they describe Lefroy's journey in charge of a magnetic survey party in 1843–4 far into the sub-Arctic on the Mackenzie River. The letters were worth publishing, both for the colour and interest of the author's narrative and for the information they add on the world of the far Northwest at this early date. This, in sum, is another volume that maintains the commendable dual character of the Pioneer series: enjoyable for the casual reader, a useful reference for the scholar.

Another volume that looks northward deals with adventure in a far different age and an even vaster area, the North of pioneer bush pilots. *Pilots of the Purple Twilight*, by Philip H. Godsell (Ryerson, xiv, 225 pp., $4.00), had a new Canadian epic to relate, one that could put names like Wop May and Punch Dickins in classic company with the older hero-figures of the North. It is, however, rather a temporary piece of journalism, with pilots "zooming into the frigid ether" and frequent "snapped," "rasped," and "bellowed" reconstructed conversation. It by no means reaches any epic proportions. That may not be a wholly fair criticism, since the author certainly may not have set his sights so high. But it does indicate that for this reviewer the book does not attain to the magnitude of its theme. Nevertheless it is a colourful account by a man intimately acquainted with the subject: and who, in fact, at Fort Simpson in 1921, suggested the moose-glue and sleighboard substitute for a broken propellor which enabled the first plane into the sub-Arctic to fly back out.

From airways to waterways, making the eel-like dart so characteristic of this disconnected section, we turn to an excellent study of Ontario's Rideau Canal, its construction, its career and present aspect. Robert Legget's *Rideau Waterway* (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 249 pp., $5.00), is one more work of enduring value, thanks to its careful investigation of the Canal's history. At the same time it is a delight to read, particularly for the description of the placid beauty of the present waterway. With happy affection its writer depicts the pleasures of a summer cruise along this route of easy access from the great inland water system of North America. He makes equally clear the im-

pressive achievement that the Canal represented in early nineteenth-century history, and the outstanding ability of its builder, Colonel John By, a figure hardly known to most Canadians. The book is as well put out as it deserves: imposing in format, plentifully illustrated.

Still in Ontario, we find *Toronto Hydro Recollections*, by E. M. Ashworth (University of Toronto Press, x, 224 pp., $5.00). This has a more general appeal than the title might suggest, since it not only describes the evolution of a major public enterprise, a large municipal electrical system, but expounds in lucid fashion a number of questions of interest to the ordinary urban consumer and co-partner—the merits of different frequencies, the utilization of "off-peak" power, rate setting, street lighting, relations of the local public utility with political authority, and so on. Mr. Ashworth set poles and tended the new little hydro-electric plant in Iroquois, Ontario, soon after 1900; he entered the infant Toronto Hydro system before Niagara power was turned on in 1911, and knew stormy relations with the supercharged Ontario god of electricity, Sir Adam Beck. He rose to be General Manager in 1924, and held that post through Hydro expansion and tribulation till 1951. In brief, his recollections are almost a history of the electrical age based on water power, as southern Ontario has experienced it. They are not quite a history: the flow of events is not evenly described; at times long extracts from official reports are given space that might have been better utilized; and a number of chapters fall outside the narrative and deal with questions mentioned above. But Mr. Ashworth's memories still offer an agreeable introduction to yet another important aspect of Canadian development.

Jumping eastward again, without apology, we take up Miriam Chapin's *Quebec Now* (Ryerson, x, 185 pp., $3.75). It is a well-written study of a society in the turmoil of change, often penetrating, always stimulating, and sometimes irritating as well. For Mrs. Chapin, despite her obvious knowledge of her theme, yet stretches that knowledge too far in making sweeping statements on a complex subject, in relying a great deal on the ephemeral data of conversation, and generally in revealing too much assurance in her approach, when surely more honest humility is called for. One example of her habit of forceful but dubious over-simplification might be given. She notes the French Canadian's lack of interest in the great northern reaches added to Quebec in 1912, because their homeland is the St. Lawrence Valley: "So all this acquisition was left to the 'Bay' and a few missionaries, with the unforeseen result" that now the caribou is practically extinct, the beaver sometimes

nearly so, the Indians wear denims instead of furs and generally have tuberculosis, while the Eskimos have become so Christianized that one of them killed the rest of his tribe when they hesitated to acknowledge him as Jesus Christ (p. 10). Each of these points has factual basis; but built together they form a heavy structure on that poor "so"—to the dark shame, apparently, of French Canadians, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the missionaries combined. This then is the loose sort of reporting that frequently vitiates an intelligent inquiry, and helps make this book more transitory in interest than it should be.

A very different contribution from Quebec is *The Tree of Dreams* by Marius Barbeau (Oxford University Press, x, 112 pp., $3.50). Here Dr. Barbeau carries on his work of preserving the folk culture of French Canada by setting out a charming collection of tales and legends drawn from its oral tradition, together with a number of sketches of fascinating folk personalities. There are French-Huron narratives, including the titular "Tree of Dreams," the familiar "Chasse Gallerie," and other less well-known stories, all attractively retold in a finely designed volume, embellished by the two-colour scratchboard illustrations of Arthur Price.

The final book of this section is linked with Quebec in the sense that its author, Edgar A. Collard, is editor of the Montreal *Gazette* and has drawn many of the stories he narrates from the history of his city and province. But *Canadian Yesterdays* (Longmans Green, viii, 327 pp., illus., $4.50) reaches far across Canada to pick out and put together little known episodes from the country's past. They may be gay or grim, intriguing or exciting, but they always add a living personal touch to the generalities of the record. An historical sketch book, Mr. Collard calls this, its aim being to help in filling the gaps between more formal accounts. The idea is not wholly new, but seldom has it been better handled. The author has placed Lady Macdonald crossing the Rockies on a locomotive cowcatcher together with the almost forgotten figure of Charles Heavysege, hailed in his day as the "greatest dramatist since Shakespeare," the dangerous ice journeys over the St. Lawrence along with Professor Grimley's ballooning exploits. The items are all well chosen and indicate a considerable talent for research. Assuredly the book disproves once more the dull old charge of dullness in Canada's story. It is to be hoped that Mr. Collard will repeat his effort—so that, at the least, a future review of this section of *Letters in Canada* might have a similar happy note on which to end.

## V. THE FAR NORTH

*J. T. Wilson*

The books included in this section properly belong to the preceding one, but since the Canadian northland is proving a more popular subject as its importance to the country's economy and security is more clearly realized, it was thought better on this occasion to treat them as a separate group. The following reviews have been written jointly by Professor and Mrs. J. T. Wilson.

*Ayorama* (Oxford University Press, xii, 316 pp., $4.00), by Father Raymond Coccola, S.J., and Paul King, is a remarkable book. Travellers' tales have occupied a prominent place in literature since classical times. But as the sophistication of the reading public increased and the last unicorn was dismissed as a myth and the Valley of the Two-Headed Men lost forever, the personality of the traveller has come to occupy an increasingly large place in the literature that deals with far-away places. The *National Geographic* has succeeded in making even the most remote of outposts pretty old hat, so that travellers of this day are more and more inclined to dwell on their reactions to a strange environment rather than on the environment itself. *Ayorama* is remarkable in that Father Coccola, with his collaborator Paul King, has succeeded in painting a portrait of the Eskimos of the central Canadian Arctic, based on the twelve years this Corsican priest spent with the tribes around Bathurst Inlet, without ever setting himself between the reader and the People Beyond. Only occasionally does he speak of his own cold and misery and always it is to give emphasis to some characteristic of these Eskimos. He has taken his title from the Eskimo word meaning "It can't be helped," which he believes to be the sum of their philosophy: their cheerful acceptance of hardship, their patience, their indifference to suffering and death. Apparently Father Coccola spent these years in the Arctic rather to gather facts about the Eskimos than to attempt to christianize them. He would live with one tribe for a year or two, and then move on to another, hunting with them and travelling with them and only rarely returning to his headquarters, the Roman Catholic Mission at Burnside Harbour. As a priest he was preoccupied with their spiritual life but he admits he could learn little; whether because they did not care to discuss their beliefs, or whether because they found abstract thought so difficult that they were incapable of expressing them, he could not decide. However, he does say that he thinks it will be very difficult for an Eskimo, even though he accepts Christianity, to give up his belief in malign spirits. He remarks wryly that it is comparatively

simple to believe in a loving God on the warm shores of the Mediterranean, and also very simple indeed to believe in a horde of evil spirits in the howling wind and cold of the central Arctic.

*Ayorama* is a horrifying book in many respects but a very fine one. The Oxford University Press has paid it the respect that is its due and has mounted it very handsomely. It is illustrated with line drawings by James Houston.

It is most interesting to read *Land of the Long Day* by Doug Wilkinson (Clarke Irwin, viii, 261 pp., $5.00) in conjunction with *Ayorama*; in the former the same scene is viewed from a different angle. Both Father Coccola and Doug Wilkinson lived the life of an Eskimo in order to better understand the Eskimo, but the goal each was trying to attain through this increased understanding was not the same. One gathers, in reading *Ayorama*, that Father Coccola was looking for a way to bring to the Eskimo a stronger spiritual armament against the hardships of his life than his present patient fatalism; Mr. Wilkinson on the other hand was looking for some method of protecting the Eskimo and his culture from the disruptive effects of the present rapid expansion in the North. There are other differences. Father Coccola went to the Arctic from a sense of duty, Mr. Wilkinson because he liked it. As a consequence the more primitive and disgusting aspects of Eskimo life, the filth and squalor that harrowed Father Coccola's soul, Mr. Wilkinson accepted quite calmly as an inevitable concomitant of life in an igloo or a skin tent and as such it was dismissed as a minor vexation. Father Coccola, in his search for the understanding of the Eskimo mind and spirit, studied the individual Eskimo; his pages are peopled with an infinite variety of men, women, and children, and they occupy the whole stage; Father Coccola is a shadowy figure in the wings, working the spotlight. Mr. Wilkinson, on the other hand, is the central figure of *Land of the Long Day*. It is the story of how he lived from February of 1953 until October of 1954 with his adopted father, Idlouk, and the other members of the Aulatseevikmiut, learning from them how to harpoon seals, spear fish, trap foxes, build an igloo, and in general acquire the skills necessary to the Eskimo. It is a deeply interesting account, skilfully told, and is quite free of the wilder excesses of condemnation that mark so many books dealing with a primitive people struggling to maintain themselves in the face of an encroaching civilization. His criticism, where it falls, is measured and just, and his praise generous where he feels it is due. It gives a happier picture of the life of the Eskimo than one finds in *Ayorama* but this is

doubtless due to the fact that Idlouk was acknowledged to be the most prosperous and most skilful of the Eskimo of Baffin Land, and the Pond Inlet country where he and his Aulatseevikmiut had their hunting grounds is not so bitter and lean a land as the Bathurst Inlet country where Father Coccola worked. *Land of the Long Day* is well worth reading, and is enhanced by the author's excellent photographs.

The belief would appear to be growing that if one leaves the cosy confines of life in New York, Toronto, or London, Ont., and retreats to the Maine Woods, Amos, Que., or points even less hospitable than these, one's experiences will be of deep interest to a large proportion of the reading public. This is not true. Rarely has it been more ably demonstrated than by another book under review: *Arctic Doctor* (Dodd, Mead, xiv, 274 pp., illus., $4.25) by Dr. Joseph P. Moody and W. de Groot van Embden. According to the dust jacket, Dr. Moody, the co-author and Arctic Doctor of the title, graduated in medicine from the University of Western Ontario in 1946 and accepted the post of Medical Health Officer for the Canadian East Arctic for a period of three years. His preoccupation with the Arctic is deep, apparently, because on the completion of his tour of duty he returned to the Hudson Bay area to do some geological prospecting and to make a movie. He is now engaged in lecturing on his experiences and taking parties of tourists into the Arctic. The book, in the main, is a series of incidents of varying degrees of interest told in the style of present-day digest literature, a strange brew of over-excitement, uplift, and italics. However, occasionally Dr. Moody launches on an impassioned discussion of the problems facing Canada in the Arctic: the future of the Eskimo, the future of the caribou, the future development of mines and resources, the future of Arctic defence. Dr. Moody's views on all these subjects are vigorous but confused. There is no doubt that he feels very strongly on all these problems; one's faith in the validity of his conclusions is shaken, however, when one examines the set of facts from which he worked. Anent Exercise Musk-Ox, on which Dr. Moody bases his diatribe about Arctic defence, he says: "Most engines broke down within the first hundred miles, oil casings froze, caterpillar tractions were smashed, equipment was snowed in during the night and men suffered immeasurably from cold. . . . As it was, Operation Musk-Ox was abandoned after a few weeks and much of the equipment was left stranded in the Arctic wilderness." This is, of course, arrant nonsense. One of the reviewers was present when eleven Canadian Army snow-

mobiles and one light vehicle left Churchill on February 14, 1946. He travelled with them at intervals past Baker Lake, Coppermine, and Great Bear Lake and he transmitted the order which halted the manoeuvre at Grande Prairie, Alberta, early in May. The light vehicle had had to return to Churchill, after a short distance, as had been expected. One snowmobile had been left in running condition at Baker Lake and the other ten had made a 3,400 mile journey approximately according to their prearranged schedule. Dr. Moody is full of naughty little boy charm as he tells of introducing two Army officers from the base at Churchill to the rigours of life in the Arctic. He is gratified, however, at their willingness to learn and to accept his advice. Should his advice prove no more reliable than his facts one trembles for the future of the Army in the Arctic.

*Arctic Command* (Ryerson, xxiv, 194 pp., illus., $4.00), by Roland Wild, will have a greater appeal, in spite of its title, to those interested in ships and sailormen than to those primarily interested in the Arctic. It traces the career of Captain T. F. Smellie, O.B.E., master of the *Nascopie* from his boyhood in Hull in the eighties, through his years in the merchant navy under sail and steam until his final retirement in 1945. Although Captain Smellie first became Master of the *Nascopie* in 1917 when she was engaged in running war supplies into Murmansk it was not until the mid-1930's that they came together again to form the partnership that made their name a legend in Canada. Less than one-third of the book, therefore, is concerned with this phase of Captain Smellie's career. This is regrettable, I think. The seas of the world are peppered with merchant ships but among them the *Nascopie* was almost unique in the mission she performed and the waters through which she sailed. Captain Smellie's fame rests on the years he spent successfully piloting his ship through dangerous waters to supply the posts in the eastern Arctic. One is justified in expecting that a greater proportion of the book would be devoted to this part of his career. The incidents Mr. Wild has chosen to illustrate the nature of Captain Smellie's command are full of colour and interest. He has a fine eye for the incongruous and his account of the run in 1934 with the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company and his lady aboard is entertaining to a degree. One gathers that never did Captain Smellie's genius for improvisation stand him in better stead. Mr. Wild has some harsh words to say on Captain Smellie's behalf of the way the Hudson's Bay Company was robbed of the glory of having established the Northwest

Passage, an ill-informed public giving all the credit to the Canadian government. Captain McClure of H.M.S. *Investigator* does not seem to have bothered to add his voice to the controversy from the other side of the Styx.

## VI. LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES

The first two reviews have been contributed by Professor F. E. L. Priestley.

*Dickens and his Readers*, by George H. Ford (Princeton University Press [Saunders], xviii, 318 pp., $6.90), is a history of Dickens criticism from 1836 to 1952; but, accurate as this description is, it conveys little of the variety, liveliness, and scope of the work. Mr. Ford manages to achieve, without congestion or confusion, several important ends. As he discusses, in the first part of the book, Dickens' sudden rise to fame with *Pickwick* and his equally sudden failure with *Chuzzlewit*, he brings out in detail the nature of the relation between Dickens and his public, "a more tempestuous affair than is always recognized," and the nature of Dickens' response to reviews and to his public reception. A long appendix documents his argument that Dickens was aware of the reviewers and that his prefaces are less designed to expound his principles of art than to make particular defences.

At the same time, Mr. Ford corrects a number of popular misconceptions about the Victorian readers and critics, and about their influence: he reminds us that there was no single Victorian "taste," and that Dickens adapted himself to some wishes of the readers, not to others; "if he avoided shocking his readers by impropriety of language, he did not hesitate to shock them by . . . 'low' subjects and 'vulgar' characters." "Readers who were under the influence of the real-life equivalents of Chadband and Mrs. Jellyby apparently admired the author who made these figures ridiculous."

As he follows Dickens' career to the end of his life, Mr. Ford combines the study of changing patterns in Victorian criticism with that of the development of Dickens' art. As he says, no full-length study has as yet been made of the changes in practice and theory by which Dickens' work is characterized; he himself lays down the general lines of such a study clearly, and offers a great many suggestions for more detailed consideration.

Finally, as he moves through the nineteenth and into the twentieth century, considering the views of most of the major critics, he not only brings together all the main threads of Dickens criticism, but, by adding his own comments and judgments on each, makes a very valuable contribution himself. At one point, for example, he moves out from the strict boundaries of his subject to offer comments on the influence of Dickens, and on the problem of tracing the influence of one novelist on others. His remarks are often suggestive ("There is a sense in which James and Conrad can be regarded as being much closer to the essential nature of Dickens' work than are Bennett and Wells"), often amusing ("Saintsbury continued to expose his finely developed critical palate to the coarse Dickensian vintages"; "Shaw's Dickens is the thin man's Dickens, . . . Chesterton's is the stout man's").

Throughout, Mr. Ford preserves an admirable balance; he does full justice to the Victorian reviewers and to Forster; he weighs his judgments carefully; he squelches with restraint (see his treatment of George Moore and of Robert Graves, p. 218). The reader will gain from this work a fuller understanding of the Victorian age, of Victorian criticism, and, above all, of Dickens.

In *Coleridge and Sara Hutchinson and the Asra Poems* (University of Toronto Press, xxii, 188 pp., $4.50), George Whalley makes a further contribution to Coleridge scholarship; his book supplements the volume of *Letters of Sara Hutchinson* edited by Miss Kathleen Coburn in 1954. Mr. Whalley provides a type-facsimile of "Sara Hutchinson's Poets," the collection of poems written out by Sara and by Coleridge in a little exercise-book, and attempts to fix dates of composition to those composed by Coleridge. He then narrates with as much detail and as much certainty as the documentary evidence allows the history of Sara's association with Coleridge. He draws here not only on the published material, but on the unpublished notebooks Miss Coburn is editing; he observes, however, that the details "are by no means fully or accurately known"—and probably never will be. He then proceeds to relate the poems in "Sara's Poets" to Coleridge's love for Sara, finding in them "a compact and intricate coherence which arises not from the way the selection was made but from the informing impulse of the poems themselves." Opinions will perhaps differ as to his success in this search; as he himself says, the thread of unity is "deeply submerged," and a number of his arguments and connections may strike some as forced. But the general effect of his working-out of cross-patterns of connected allusion and symbol is enlightening and

stimulating, particularly since he continues by examining all the "Asra" poems, relating their changing patterns of symbol to the biography. To the list of poems already recognized as "Asra" poems (that is, as inspired by Sara Hutchinson), Mr. Whalley adds very extensively, partly, as he says, on the basis of new information, partly because he has been prepared to see Asra influence in many poems not formerly considered as related to Sara. He has "applied less stringent principles of selection." Here again opinion will perhaps not be unanimous as to the success at times of the "linking . . . by dim connections," but again the suggestive and stimulating nature of the argument is a justification. While primarily of interest to the special student of Coleridge, the book is by no means devoid of interest for the general student of poetry.

Professor H. S. Wilson writes of *Mediaeval Drama in Chester* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 138 pp., $4.50), by F. M. Salter.

The Alexander Lectures for 1954 contain the most authoritative assessment of the Chester cycle of mystery plays and the circumstances of their production that has been made. Professor Salter's researches constitute a first-hand examination of original documents, many of them preserved in the archives of the city of Chester, and never before subjected to so well-informed and thorough an investigation of matters relating to the Chester cycle. As a result, the author is able to correct many misconceptions about the plays. He offers cogent grounds for dating the earliest performances about 1375, rather than one hundred years earlier, as has commonly been assumed hitherto; he traces the stages of evolution of the plays themselves, and shows, with a wealth of new detail, the great care and expense lavished upon the actual productions by the gilds, after the performances had been moved out of the church; he corrects the popular notion of the mysteries as the crude productions of a childlike people, by showing how they must have employed professional and highly trained actors and elaborate staging; how a single playlet must have cost in the neighbourhood of six thousand dollars of our money to produce—and there were twenty-six of such productions in the cycle performed in 1540; how the texts, if we read them with sufficient imaginative understanding, reflect the simple sincerity and good taste of an ancient popular tradition that is artistic, universal in its comprehension of the comic and the tragic elements of human life, and embued throughout with the seriousness of earnest devotion.

Professor Salter's opening chapter, "Of that which once was great," contains the most compendious account of the beginnings of drama

in England that this writer has met with; it may be recommended to students of the subject as both succinct and judicial. The following three chapters, which complete the study, contain the most important of available information about the Chester cycle, set forth with scholarly exactitude and in an easy, straightforward style. This is an admirable little book.

Mr. Wilson has also contributed the following review of *Spiritual Values in Shakespeare* (Abingdon Press [Welch], 158 pp., $2.50), by Ernest Marshall Howse.

Dr. Howse's volume consists of a series of week-night sermons or addresses on eight plays of Shakespeare—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Richard III*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Tempest*—prepared and delivered at the instance of students in his congregation of Bloor Street United Church, Toronto, and stressing the unchanging moral truths which the plays are taken to exemplify. To illustrate, *Hamlet* is seen as "a tragedy of indecision," of "man at war with himself, in a world where there are no values worth the struggle"; *King Lear* is understood to be a "tragedy of ingratitude" wherein, however, "the world in which evil appears seems somehow at heart to reject it"; and *The Merchant of Venice* is interpreted as a "tragedy of inhumanity": in Portia's court, Shylock gets neither justice nor mercy; Shakespeare "shows the Jew as oppressed, but he makes the oppressed Jew a protest against all oppression."

It will be seen that the interpretations here offered are clear-cut and stimulating. Dr. Howse is not writing for an audience of specialists, and he does not attempt to take account of the multitude of critical opinions and interpretations which differ from his own. Within his highly selective limits—no chapter exceeds fifteen pages—the author writes thoughtfully and entertainingly, with many references of topical and cheerful humour, of the "parables of unchanging truth" which he finds in some of Shakespeare's greatest plays. Such a straightforward and unpretentious discussion of the relation of Shakespeare to the moral issues of everyday living is very welcome, both as an evidence of the enduring value of Shakespeare for the general reader and as a contribution towards the perpetuation of that value.

Professor R. S. Knox has contributed the following review of *Thrice the Brinded Cat Hath Mew'd* (Clarke Irwin, xii, 178 pp., $5.00) by Robertson Davies, Tyrone Guthrie, Boyd Neel, and Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

The Stratford Festival, we hope, is going to be a summer per-

manency, and this review of its achievement might also well become an autumn annual. At any rate its third issue shows no falling off. It is as handsome and interesting as ever. Mr. Robertson Davies is again the main contributor and as before his contribution not only judiciously appraises the performances and performers but often throws new light on the plays themselves. We may not always see with him, as in his view of Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* as a deserted homosexual, but his is a commentary with a value for students of Shakespeare beyond its immediate occasion.

Dr. Guthrie, to whom the Festival owes so much, teams with Miss Moiseiwitsch to give their interpretation of *Oedipus*. They expound the intricate symbolical pattern which they see and the means by which they sought to make the audience participate in the religious ritual. One may feel that they read too curiously into the play and doubt whether its implications, if so clear, should in the production be so violently thrust on the audience. Nevertheless this is a lively and challenging essay.

The new contributor is Dr. Boyd Neel. His is the story of the inauguration of the Musical Festival. He tells of the problems faced and overcome: the conversion of the unpromising building into a reasonable concert hall, the financial crisis solved by a liberal grant from the Maclean Foundation, the merciless heat which made the fingerboards of the string instruments run with water. It says much for the grit and quality of the musicians that in the circumstances this musical innovation was an acknowledged success.

All the contributors look to the future with justified optimism. Dr. Boyd Neel speaks for them: "Stratford is capable of anything, and there is no reason why, in a few years' time, it should not become as famous as any of the great European Festivals."

*Canadian Anthology* (Gage, 558 pp., $5.50), edited by C. F. Klinck, and R. E. Watters, could not have fallen conveniently under Mr. Frye's survey of the year's poetry, and it is now reviewed separately in this section by Professor R. L. McDougall.

Anthologies of Canadian writing perform the special service of making an hour's reading, say, of the best work of a dozen poets seem like an agreeable substitute for an hour's reading of D. C. Scott. They also make available texts which are difficult if not impossible to secure, or which at any rate are not likely to be sought out by an undedicated public. Both services are legitimate, though the first may already have resulted in the misprizing of certain Canadian authors who have

achieved a good deal more than an appraisal of a handful of their poems could possibly suggest, and the second in an unfortunate lessening of demand for single editions, particularly of reprints. It is no surprise to find, therefore, that the supply of Canadian anthologies has been liberal —over thirty, general or special, since the appearance of Dewart's pioneering *Selections from Canadian Poets* in 1864, including six fairly comprehensive ones since 1942.

*Canadian Anthology*, the latest, which begins well by looking like a good book, does not in fact have much trouble with competitors. Time has eliminated four-fifths of these, and the sound principles which have governed its preparation give it an easy lead over the remainder. For one thing, while it is able to do about as much for twentieth-century Canadian poetry as Birney's recent anthology and rather more for the poetry of both centuries than either Smith's *The Book of Canadian Poetry* or the Dudek-Layton *Canadian Poems 1850–1952*, it goes on to offer substantial place to Canadian prose. Of all our anthologies, only two have accepted this dual responsibility: the paper-back *A Pocketful of Canada*, brought out by John D. Robins in 1946, and E. K. Broadus's *A Book of Canadian Prose and Verse*, last revised in 1934; and even if age had not withered both of these, they would prove no match for *Canadian Anthology* in either format, range of selection, or scholarship. On the other hand, the very fact that so few collections have taken on prose as well as poetry is a reminder of the hydra that prose represents for the anthologist. And the present editors have their troubles. It is obvious, for example, that their inclusion of passages from *The Whiteoaks of Jalna* and *Each Man's Son* does nothing for the Canadian novel; and even the short story and the "other prose," which they attack with some energy, emerge from their hands a strangely fitful and heterogeneous performance. Still, the cry need not be for all or nothing. Since poetry does not suffer—and it does not, for this is a big book and wastes little space on the trivial—the reader should recognize that he would have a hard time assembling such a body of writing by other means and be grateful for what he is given. At the point at which the reader merges into the student, of course, it will have to be acknowledged that what *Canadian Anthology* provides, useful though it is, can be only a small part of his total appraisal of Canadian prose.

Both the editors and the publishers of this volume, indeed, remind us that it is designed to serve as a textbook; and certainly, as far as undergraduate study is concerned, *Canadian Anthology* has virtues of

a sort which go beyond the immediate needs of the casual reader. As already noted, there is comprehensiveness: poetry and prose, and even the special form of the drama in the complete text of Lister Sinclair's verse-play for radio, *Return to Colonus*. But better still is the fact that this principle of comprehensiveness is modified when the editors turn to the detail of who is to be included, and how much from each. Their policy, clear at any rate in the important case of poetry, is to offer substantial samplings from major authors (19 pages for Lampman, 20 for Klein), much slighter samplings from "other authors who are significant because of their historical position, uncommon sensibility, or promise of future development" (3 pages for Campbell, 3 for Reaney), and no samplings at all for numerous other contenders (no pages for Heavysege, Duvar, Mair, McLachlan, Pauline Johnson, Service, Bourinot, Knister, Kennedy, Bruce, or Layton). There will undoubtedly be complaints: surely the "historical position" of Mair warrants his inclusion; surely Duvar is a poet of "uncommon sensibility" (if "uncommon" is meant to suggest originality); surely Layton shows more "promise of future development" than Souster (who gets 3 pages). But this skirmishing is not likely to lead to a break-through. On the whole, the editors' decisions to favour or not to favour are about as defensible as good taste and a critical command of our literature can make them; and—what is most important—with the main authors more or less acceptably established, the student can be sure of generous representation along the way.

The remaining virtues of *Canadian Anthology* as a text are two. The first, which is negative, is that it makes no attempt to group either authors or selections according to general period, school, category, or theme. Instead, it submits all its material to the single discipline of chronology, helpfully supplying for each item, it may be added, the date of its first publication. The second, which is ancillary, is the provision of the most complete bibliographical data ever brought together in an anthology of Canadian literature. This good work, which is the by-product of a comprehensive bibliography currently being prepared by Professor Watters under the sponsorship of the Humanities Research Council of Canada, comprises not only full entries for the usual areas of reference, but also extensive lists of monograph and periodical criticism of the work of the authors concerned. The present state of Canadian bibliography considered, the student may well feel that this contribution is in itself sufficient to justify the existence of the book.

Professor F. E. Sparshott writes of *History of Christian Philosophy*

*in the Middle Ages* (Random House, xviii, 829 pp., $8.00), by Etienne Gilson.

Professor Gilson has performed uniquely well an extraordinarily difficult task. The thirteen centuries covered by his *History* comprise more than half the time from the first Greek philosopher to the present day. From that vast period a vast bulk of philosophical matter has survived. Little of it has been properly edited; and a great deal is still in manuscript, known only (if at all) from extracts and descriptions. Much of what is available is derivative and wearisome, or embedded in theological matter of no philosophical interest. Until all this material has been made known, the true authorships and dates of the various works established, and the lines of development and derivation worked out, one cannot decide what is important and what can be returned to its long oblivion. Until that decision is made, the student must be unusually dependent upon such guides as that under review, and such guides must be unusually difficult to prepare.

Professor Gilson provides both a guide to the bibliographical jungle and a means of making sense of what one finds there. His notes are as long as his narrative, and are expressly designed as a handbook for the serious student. They are uneven both in scale and in manner, but upon the whole succeed magnificently. Nothing hitherto available in English can be compared with them in extent, handiness, penetration, and general utility. If this work is regularly brought up to date, its availability should place the study and teaching of its subject on a new footing.

The narrative is hard to follow. This is partly due to the intricacy of its subject, to the intrinsic difficulty of the philosophies described, and to the economy and compression of its style. But it must be added that the arrangement is less than perfect: for example, the reader needs to know who Peter Lombard is long before he is told, and the section on pseudo-Grosseteste comes (as the author acknowledges) much too soon. More seriously, Professor Gilson's English is imperfect. His handling of past tenses is uniformly disastrous, and the uncertainty of his syntax often makes it hard to discern the point of his statements. We are grateful to him for writing in our tongue rather than his own; but it is surprising that his book should have been passed for the press in its present condition. To the serious student, these defects and difficulties are nugatory beside the solidity and security of judgment, the maturity of scholarship, the massive intelligence and controlling purpose with which the material is marshalled. But the "general reader" at whom the book is also directed will find the going too heavy.

Professor Gilson's whole treatment rests on the belief that pervades all his writings: that association with the Christian revelation has made philosophy more philosophical. This may be true, but the reader who does not already believe it will find it here repeatedly asserted but nowhere shown. There seems also to be a tendency to judge philosophies pragmatically, by their conduciveness to or compatibility with Thomism; but this, though irritating, is to be expected. There is a corresponding bias in the selection of material. The problems which interest Professor Gilson are essentially Christian problems: the nature of God, the nature of a created universe, and the relation between them. One would never guess from his book that formal logic (for example) reached great heights in the thirteenth century; but the experts say this is so. This bias, of which the title warns us, no doubt emphasizes the characteristic contribution of the Middle Ages to philosophy; but one is left feeling that the doctrines described have not been given the emphasis and order their authors gave them, but that which the historian's plan demanded. But perhaps this is only to say that we have here a history and not a mirror, and that other and quite different histories have been and could be written, some of which philosophers with no taste for theology will prefer to this one. That a *better* history will be written is, in the present state of the subject, improbable; unless, indeed, Professor Gilson writes it.

It is a far step from the preceding work to *The Next Step in Civilization* (Ryerson, 218 pp., $3.50), by Frederick Creedy, but such transitions are inevitable in a survey of this kind. Professor T. A. Goudge has contributed the review.

This volume is the third of a trilogy entitled *Truth is Enough*. The two preceding volumes, *Human Nature in Business* (1927) and *Human Nature Writ Large* (1939) were evidently intended to pave the way for the conclusions advanced in the present work. The general purport of these conclusions is that the social ills which afflict us will only be cured by "the elimination of the confused and conflicting purposes held by different groups at the present time, in favour of a single Common Purpose and Way of Life for all mankind." The basic pattern here is to be provided by a "reformed Christianity" to which mankind must "return." The core of this reformed Christainity is not an elaborate theology, but a Christian ethics by whose concrete application the New Jerusalem is to be ushered in, and the "Secular or Every-Man-for-Himself Ethics" rooted out. A blue-print of the New Jerusalem is presented in the first part of the book in the form of a visit to an imaginary utopia, some-

where beyond the headwaters of the Amazon, a kind of Quaker Erewhon in which science and the Sermon on the Mount have been synthesized to form the foundation of a good society. Mr. Creedy gives free rein to his inventiveness in describing the details of this utopia. Since his presentation is exclusively a narrative, he has added two appendices in which the obvious philosophical morals are drawn. Those who prefer tailor-made utopias to detective stories for their bedside reading will find much to intrigue them in Mr. Creedy's book.

Mr. Goudge has also contributed the following review of Professor Rupert C. Lodge's study of Plato's aesthetic.

In *Plato's Theory of Art* (Routledge & Kegan Paul [British Book Service], 1953, viii, 316 pp., $4.25) Rupert C. Lodge has combed the Platonic dialogues for every idea which bears directly or indirectly on the subject of aesthetics. These ideas are put on a philosophical conveyor belt and brought before the reader in a series of chapters with such titles as "The Nature of Art," "The Function of Art," "The Limitations of Art," etc. At frequent intervals the conveyor belt is stopped to allow the author to interpret the item being exhibited in the light of the entire content of Plato's philosophy. The interpretation reflects the author's belief, induced by previous studies, that Plato is "a comparative philosopher: who compares what his predecessors and his contemporaries profess to believe, and tries to attain to a judicious balance; without any one-sided dogmatism of acceptance or rejection, but with a whole-hearted faith in the gradual evolution of philosophic truth" (p. 7). Considerable emphasis is placed on the social setting of the Platonic aesthetics; and in the concluding chapter there is a brief discussion of the function of knowledge in art. Professor Lodge provides a very detailed collection of footnote references, not only to the Dialogues themselves but to numerous secondary sources. He also includes in the body of his work some comparisons between Plato's theory of art and the views of Locke, Kant, Dewey, etc. His remarks on this score will cause eyebrows to be raised in certain quarters; and at one point (the paragraph on Kant, pp. 266–67) there may well be a simultaneous raising of both the eyebrows and the hair.

*Man's Emerging Mind* (Dodd, Mead, xii, 308 pp., $4.50), by N. J. Berrill, is placed last in this section but as Professor C. S. Hanes shows in the following review, its position is not meant to reflect on its importance.

It is no novel idea that the study of man may be considered properly to fall within the sphere of biological science and likewise it must have

occurred to many that the distinctive attribute of mankind, including his vaunted intellectual powers, may reflect in unsuspected ways the characters and experiences of ancestors so remote and strange as to be not recognizably human. On the basis of such generalities it is easy to envisage here an enticing field for thought and speculation, but in actuality it seems always to have proved too shrouded in the mists of ignorance for profitable exploration. In his latest book Professor Berrill of McGill University has undertaken such an exploration, and a remarkably successful one at that, for he has returned with accounts of wonders most unexpected.

Professor Berrill is a distinguished zoologist who has specialized in the study of embryology. In this book he has attempted to provide a broad analysis of human mentality in terms of what is known or what he can surmise about the evolutionary history of man. It is a most exciting story, told simply and vividly, in which the history of mankind is traced through vast periods of time, from life in the tree-tops, life in in the caves, through the glacial periods, through floods and famines to the present day. So bald a description belies, however, the essential character of Professor Berrill's book. Much of its interest and power derives from the unassuming and personal note struck in the opening chapter "I Who Speak," which is maintained throughout. This book may represent an important contribution in the scientific study of human evolution, but the conviction grows, as chapter succeeds chapter, that it was the author's deep and manifold interest in human problems rather than his zoological knowledge and curiosity which drew him to his subject. There is a thrill of pride as he surveys the heights to which the human race has struggled above the level of his ancestors and, despite his awareness of the acute problems now bred by man's intellect, he speaks with confidence of man's capacity to climb further up the heights that tower still above us: "—this is no place to stop halfway between ape and angel."

## VII. RELIGION

*W. S. McCullough*

A lecture foundation (in this case the Alexander Robertson Lectures of the University of Glasgow) which directs that the lectures shall be "in defence of Christianity" is bound to force the lecturer into a rather familiar pattern of thought. This condition, however, was accepted by

Dr. J. S. Thomson, Dean of the Faculty of Divinity of McGill University, Montreal, who delivered the 1954 lectures on the subject, *The Hope of the Gospel* (Ryerson, 188 pp., $2.25), and he has succeeded in producing a commendable discussion of his theme. His basic position is that the Christian Gospel arouses in the soul the saving power of hope. Some of the chapter headings will indicate the general development of the subject: "Hope in Human Life"; "The Gospel before the Gospel"; "The Gospel of Jesus"; etc. It cannot be said that Dean Thomson is entirely successful in explaining why the Gospel which Jesus proclaimed was in certain important respects different from the Gospel of the Apostolic Church. And the layman, when he reads, "Faith in God must always be immediate and personal . . . our faith is a response to a divine overture. . . . At the same time, faith cannot be self-generated: it reaches the soul as a gift of grace in a revelation," will doubtless ask how a theologian can have it both ways.

Another scholar from the McGill Divinity Faculty, Professor G. B. Caird, has put us in his debt by giving us *The Apostolic Age* (Duckworth [Thomas Nelson], 222 pp., $2.50). This book surveys the history of the early Church from the Resurrection to the end of the first century. This period involves a good many debatable matters, and it is not to be expected that the author's views will always command consent. For instance, the statement that Jesus realized that his baptism by John "was also his initiation into his death" will be queried by some. But such points are usually of relative unimportance, and the book as a whole must be described as an excellent one of its kind.

Another theological professor, Dr. R. C. Chalmers of St. Andrew's College, Saskatoon, has written a slender volume entitled *The Protestant Spirit* (Ryerson, x, 90 pp., $1.25). This is an extremely didactic treatment of the subject under such headings as, The Spirit of Faith, of Prophecy, of Reform, of Fellowship, of Freedom, etc. While contrasting Roman Catholic views are not unduly stressed, Roman Catholic readers will very properly observe that the author is often dealing with *Christian* values and virtues, and of these the Protestant churches have no monopoly. This is particularly true of the last two chapters ("The Spirit of Responsibility" and "The Spirit of Urgency").

*The Third Revolution* (Harcourt, Brace [McLeod], xii, 308 pp., $4.75), whose sub-title is "A Study of Psychiatry and Religion," comes from Dr. Karl Stern, Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Ottawa. The first two revolutions, implied in the title, are seemingly those associated with the names of Karl Marx and Charles Darwin. The third

revolution may be described as the Comtean, for "Auguste Comte dreamed of a world in which revelation and faith would be entirely supplanted by science. Science in this case means first the science of man, that is psychology and sociology." The author takes Freud's psychoanalysis to be the spearhead of this third revolution, and he draws attention to the variations and fresh developments which have taken place in this field since Freud's views were first made public. Dr. Stern, however, is on the side of the angels. He criticizes Freud for leaving the realm of observable data and venturing into the area of philosophy and religion, and he argues that psychoanalysis, isolated as a therapeutic method, is philosophically neutral, and that in fact it "contains precious elements which point in the direction of a Christian personalism." Frequently in his discussion he refers to "the order of grace," "the supernatural life," "the metaphysical order," "the life of the spirit," but these references are not elaborated, which is perhaps just as well, for they involve many far-reaching issues. The book, with its frequent citations of case histories, is of interest as a practising psychiatrist's *apologia*, though the familiar "Nihil obstat . . . imprimatur . . ." on the last page makes one wonder whether anything significant has had to be left out. An index would have increased the book's usefulness.

*Sect, Cult, and Church in Alberta* (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 166 pp., $4.00) by Dr. W. E. Mann is one of a series of studies sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council entitled "Social Credit in Alberta." The author, who is a priest of the Anglican Church, ignores Roman Catholicism and notices the traditional Protestant churches chiefly to comment upon their deficiencies. His real concern is with the Christian sects and cults: the latter are distinguished from the sects by their incorporation into their Christian basis of certain non-Christian elements. Alberta offers a fruitful field for such a study. Its economic and political life has displayed most of the features of the western frontier, and a variety of circumstances has contributed to a curious instability in its social patterns. These factors in turn have reacted on religion, and in Alberta non-conformity seems to have run riot, so that in 1946 the province had "almost fifty different religious bodies exclusive of the traditional churches." Dr. Mann's book offers a fully documented study of the subject.

Christian biography (in one instance autobiography) is represented by four studies. The slightest is *Three Came with Gifts* (Ryerson, viii, 60 pp., $3.50) by Anna B. Montreuil: its price seems very high for its size. It sketches the absorbing story of the three French widows (the

Duchesse d'Aiguillon, Madame de la Peltrie, and Madame Joseph Claude Martin—the latter an Ursuline) who came to Canada in 1639 and who were largely responsible for the founding of the Augustinian Hospitalières of the Hotel Dieu and of the Ursuline Convent of Old Quebec. *Anna and the Indians* (Ryerson, viii, 237 pp., $3.75) by Nan Shipley is the tale of Anna Young of Quebec who went to Nelson House, Manitoba, in 1895 to become the bride of Samuel Gaudin, a missionary-teacher at the local school for the Cree Indians. Happily Anna was a trained nurse as well as a resourceful and courageous woman, else she could hardly have survived the rigours of the primitive life which she shared with her husband until his retirement in 1934. The book is a colourful account of an era which has now passed away. *That's What I'm Here For* (Ryerson, xviii, 123 pp., $3.00) will be read with interest mostly by those who knew the late Rev. Robert B. McElheran, whose last office in the Anglican Church was the principalship of Wycliffe College, Toronto, from 1930 to 1939. His widow, Irene B. McElheran, has put together a number of reminiscences and anecdotes of her husband, but as she herself admits "it cannot be called a formal biography" for it is almost entirely concerned with the years 1906–30 when he was rector of St. Matthew's Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba. *Arctic Living* (Ryerson, x, 181 pp., $4.00) by Robert Jack, the tale of a wandering Scot, is an absorbing as well as an informative book. It seems that the author's studies for the ministry of the Church of Scotland at Glasgow University were not pursued with diligence, and they were presently abandoned in favour of football coaching and travel. In 1939, however, this young man found himself in Iceland, which he had previously visited as a coach, and where war conditions now forced him to remain. He improved the time by studying theology at the University of Iceland in Reykjavik. Five years later he was ordained to the ministry of the Lutheran Church of Iceland, the first foreigner for many centuries to enter the leadership of that Church. His book is the account of his experiences as a minister-teacher-farmer, mostly on the lonely island of Grimsey, forty-five miles off Iceland, where he and his wife (an Icelandic girl) served the community of less than one hundred persons for several years. In 1953 the author moved to Canada to take over a parish in Manitoba whose people are mostly of Icelandic descent.

Under the general heading of homiletics we record *Abandoned to Christ* (Grand Rapids, Mich., Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 248 pp., $3.00) by L. E. Maxwell; *Thoughts for the Times* (Dent, x, 118 pp., $2.25) by Canon A. Stanley Walker; and *In Grateful Remem-*

*brance* (Ryerson, 128 pp., $2.00) by Dr. Archer Wallace. The first-named of these books is by the founder and principal of the Prairie Bible Institute of Three Hills, Alberta, the oldest and strongest of the various Bible colleges which emerged in the Canadian West after the First World War. It is vigorously written along strictly fundamentalist lines. The second book is by the late president of the University of King's College, Halifax, and is a reprint of a series of religious editorials which appeared in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*. Dr. Wallace's book, of more limited appeal, consists of fifty short meditations intended primarily to comfort the bereaved.

Two volumes of the twelve-volume *Interpreter's Bible* (Abingdon Press [Welch], $8.75 per vol.), an exegetical and expository commentary on the entire Bible, appeared in 1955. Volume XI (x, 763 pp.) contains the Epistle to the Colossians (pp. 131–241), of which the introduction and exegesis were contributed by Professor F. W. Beare of Trinity College, Toronto. The author covers succinctly the matters which we expect to find in such an introduction. He favours, with some reservations, the view that the epistle is Pauline, that it was written in Rome, and that it is probably the latest of the apostle's letters. He avers that the Colossian heresy, mentioned in 2:8-23, cannot be identified "with any system known to us from other sources." The detailed exegesis is judiciously done, and altogether we are presented with a good example of the honest craftsmanship of a New Testament scholar. The "exposition" of the epistle (by which is meant a treatment of the text to bring out its moral and religious message) is acceptably written by the Rev. Dr. G. P. MacLeod of Knox United Church, Calgary, Alberta.

Professor M. T. Newby of Trinity College, Toronto, supplies the following review of volume IV of the above-mentioned *Interpreter's Bible* (x, 957 pp.), which contains the Psalms (pp. 1–763) and Proverbs (pp. 765–957) and to which three Canadian scholars contributed. The late Principal of University College, Dr. W. R. Taylor, wrote the exegesis of Psalms 1–71, 93, 95–6, 100, 120–138 and 140–150, and Professor W. S. McCullough, also of University College, wrote the exegesis of the remaining psalms as well as the general introduction to the Book of the Psalms. The late Dr. J. R. P. Sclater, minister of Old St. Andrew's United Church, Toronto, contributed the exposition of Psalms 1–41. This commentary is intended primarily for the Christian preacher and the general reader. The exegesis has been appropriately and admirably done. There is a general introduction to each psalm. The

psalm is then dealt with section by section. The text and its translation are carefully explained and the thought of the passage elucidated.

Judicious use has been made of the results of recent critical work on the Psalms. This has enabled the commentators, among other things, to give a clearer account of the original connection of many of the psalms with the liturgy and the worship of the ancient Hebrew community. Concern for such critical matters, however, has not been permitted to obscure the principal interest in the religious thought and experience of the psalmists. The exegesis tends slightly to emphasize the psalms as reflecting the experience of the individual rather than that of the cultic community.

Professor McCullough's general introduction which deals with such matters as the text and compilation of the Psalter, the classification of the Psalms, the character of Hebrew poetry, the religion of the Psalms and their use in Jewish and Christian worship is a masterpiece of compression and clarity. Dr. Sclater's exposition is all that one would expect from his excellent preaching and his fine literary style.

## VIII. WAR BOOKS

*Hugh Maclean*

W. K. Hancock, editor of the *United Kingdom War Histories: Civil Services*, concludes a recent description of problems facing modern war historians with the remark that "there is no substitute for [the historian's] own experience, judgment, and flair—nor for the fanatical hard work demanded of him. . . ." The calibre of Colonel C. P. Stacey's *Six Years of War* (Queen's Printer, xiv, 629 pp., illus., $3.50) guarantees that Canada is well served on these counts by its army historian.

This volume is the first of four recording the history of the Canadian Army in the Second World War. Volumes II and III will be concerned with the Army in Italy and in northwest Europe; a final book will discuss Canadian military policy. The present account deals with the Army in Canada, Britain, and the Pacific. Its range necessarily involved troublesome problems of form and order, for while organizational matters were perhaps of primary importance, operations at Dieppe and Hong Kong required extended and incisive treatment. Delicate questions of command in Canada and Britain demanded attention too. But Colonel Stacey has ordered these various materials with a sure touch; and, within the larger picture, he describes the movement of a peaceful

nation from innocent sloth, in spite of trials of all sorts, to the major commitments of spring, 1943. In that sense his book admirably prepares for the drama of later volumes.

This steady gathering of war power proceeds behind the dissonances inevitably accompanying the first efforts of "an unmilitary community" to arm itself, as well as the often unmelodic jars of brass hats and "black coats." Canada's military machine in 1935 was completely equipped only with harness. A sharp divergence of opinion over Army estimates for 1937–8, between Army and Cabinet, was not (it seems) reproduced after 1939, but an "underlying rivalry between National Defence Headquarters and Canadian Military Headquarters" made difficulties until 1944; and minor problems, especially at first, were numerous. Private charity relieved the boot shortage of one infantry regiment; "Canadian Field Force" became, at the last moment, "Canadian Active Service Force," making obsolete $65,000 worth of mobilization forms; a Quebec regiment construed Recruiting Memorandum No. 1 ("men without dependents are preferable") to mean that only bachelors should be enlisted. And so on. Still, the nucleus of Britain's defence in late 1940 was Canadian; and the Army steadily moved toward two-corps status and a staff competent to direct Rhineland operations in the spring of 1945.

Three personalities and two events stand out. The author presents previously unpublished material to throw light on General McNaughton's role during Dunkirk, and on Colonel Ralston's control of relations between Ottawa and London staffs, while tracing General Crerar's progress towards corps and army leadership. Not much is said about McNaughton's relinquishment of command or the plebiscite of April, 1942; the text suggests that later volumes will consider these subjects in more detail. Dieppe and Hong Kong are discussed at length, and the accounts of those desperate and confused encounters are masterly. While Canadian courage receives its due, that does not obscure the bleak event: Colonel Stacey lays tactical failure and high casualties at Dieppe largely to the account of diffused responsibility in the plan, which in turn was "unduly optimistic"; this judgment is supported by full documentation. The decision to reinforce Hong Kong is frankly called a mistake. But even that adventure was not "wholly useless"; and Dieppe is shown to have contributed powerfully, in its results for both Allied and German military thinking, to the successes of 1944. The maps, as in the 1948 volume, are magnificent in every particular. These were drawn by Captain C. C. J. Bond.

An interesting pair of regimental histories has been received. The pattern of Major R. L. Rogers' *History of the Lincoln and Welland Regiment* (Lake St. Armories, St. Catharines, Ont., viii, 465 pp., $5.00) is orthodox: his intention, "to provide a reliable account of what took place," is satisfactorily accomplished. His regiment must be pleased with the accurately detailed work of its historian; the chapter on Kapelsche Veer (to single out one episode) is undoubtedly the most informative account of that dismal operation yet published. Maps and photographs are adequate, although these might have been better. Major Rogers' book makes a useful contribution to Canadian military history. An entirely different approach, and quite a new one in the field, marks Farley Mowat's history of the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment. Rogers firmly restrains emotion; Mowat, in *The Regiment* (McClelland & Stewart, xx, 312 pp., $6.00), is centrally concerned with it. He jettisons appendices, pre-war records, nominal rolls, footnotes; and he develops a theme, the regimental entity, which becomes for its members at once a fortress and a refuge. Names, dates, places are properly supplied, but they never strangle narrative. Mowat writes with imagination, and he knows all about atmosphere. His battle scenes are especially well done. Excellent maps attend the reader throughout. Bitterness arising from topical issues sometimes jars a little; yet that too was part of the regiment's war. Mowat's approach to battle narrative has something in common with that of Bruce Catton, while Major Rogers writes rather in the manner of Williams' careful work. There is room for both. Certainly no one would suggest that one need replace the other; but unit historians now preparing or contemplating their accounts would be well advised to examine Mowat's methods especially, for his is the first Canadian regimental history (possibly excepting Major Cassidy's *Warpath*) to transcend the limited appeal of such books.

## IX. OTHER BOOKS

It is unfortunate that all the books received for review cannot be fitted neatly into one or another of the separate sections. The heading "Other Books" suggests unfairly that the works which fall under it have no proper identity. The section is intended, however, simply as an editorial convenience; the works included in it are either of a special

nature or are the only contribution to their subject to be published in Canada.

*The Alberta Golden Jubilee Anthology* (McClelland & Stewart, 471 pp., $5.00), edited by W. G. Hardy, and *Saskatchewan Harvest* (McClelland & Stewart, 224 pp., $1.00, paper, $2.50, cloth), edited by Carlyle King, are both of a special nature, and have been reviewed together by Mr. R. L. McDougall.

Fiftieth anniversary celebrations in Alberta and Saskatchewan have been given a cultural turn in two special collections: *Alberta Golden Jubilee Anthology*, edited by W. G. Hardy, and *Saskatchewan Harvest*, edited by Carlyle King. The first is a big glossy book, doubtless underwritten by an oil well, complete with twenty full-colour plates and chapter-head drawings; and in it a host of Albertan authors specially commissioned for the occasion catalogue the beauties and resources of their province and inquire with remarkable persistence into its past. The historian, the sociologist, and the economist will be grateful for what they have turned up. But though the short story and poetry are given a place, the creative imagination is, it would seem, by policy held in abeyance, and the whole nature of the command performance, restricted to Albertans yet spread out over 106 contributors (by actual count), can scarcely result in a high standard of writing. The second, *Saskatchewan Harvest*, is a small plain book, doubtless underwritten by a glutted Wheat Pool, which contains, not a collection of Saskatchewan writing ("For there are no 'Saskatchewan' writers," the editor observes, a little sententiously; "there are only writers"), but a body of writing about Saskatchewan. Here the creative imagination is brought forward, the inhibitions of command performance are absent, the contributors few and not required to produce birth certificates. "By bringing these selections together and arranging them in a certain order," Professor King says in his preface, "I have tried to show how the land and the people, the outer and inner weather, of Saskatchewan have been represented in literature." This modest quest for a sort of regional synthesis is nicely achieved in a sensitive selection of excerpts from descriptive works and journals, and of poems and short stories. And from the whole a firm sense of region does indeed emerge, though not of a region strictly contained by the boundaries of Saskatchewan.

*Music in Canada* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 232 pp., $5.00), edited by Sir Ernest MacMillan, is the only contribution to the subject. Dr. Boyd Neel has contributed the following review.

The mere fact that such a large book has been written on music in Canada is a sure indication of the rapid growth of the art in the Dominion. This volume is comprehensive, and covers every aspect of music. Each contributor is a specialist in his particular subject, and the book forms a valuable reference volume, especially for any newcomer to the Canadian scene. As one might expect, Marius Barbeau on folk song is outstanding, and he manages to say a great deal in the amount of space he was allowed. The non-Canadian is surprised, when he reads many of these articles, at how long music has flourished in Canada. Canadians have always been very shy of letting other countries know of their activities in the arts, and this is especially true at the present day. The consequence is that, in countries like the United Kingdom, people have received an entirely wrong impression of music in Canada, chiefly owing to the large numbers of Canadian musicians who go overseas and do not return, telling everybody that there is no music in Canada, and that it is not worthwhile going back there. It seems to me that one glance at this book will show how unjustified this impression has been.

It is good to see that both the French and English elements have been evenly distributed, and anybody wishing for information regarding the music world in Canada can find all he wants here, wherever he may happen to live.

I hope that the book will be largely distributed in other countries, as I feel it would do much towards publicizing the achievements of Canadian music. It is not a cheap publication, but compared with other reference books of the same type, it seems to me to give excellent value.

Professor R. M. Saunders has contributed the following review of *Last of the Curlews*, by Fred Bodsworth (illustrated by T. M. Shortt; Dodd, Mead, 128 pp., $3.50).

Few people who pick up this elegant little volume can fail to be aware that they have in their hands a superb example of fine bookmaking. Seldom in the flood of present-day books do we see such a sample of good workmanship. The quality of paper, the clear, bold type, the wide-margined pages, the dignified yet delicately lovely cover, all combine to make a book of physical beauty for which the publishers must certainly be warmly congratulated.

It in no way detracts from the merit of Mr. Bodsworth's tale to say that the first thing that strikes the person who picks up this volume, after the appearance of the book, is the attractiveness of the illustrations.

Terry Shortt has caught the spirit of Bodsworth's saga of the curlew to perfection, and in so doing has added extraordinary vividness and vitality to an already robust and moving story. The story is not long. It need not be. Indeed, it would be spoiled if it were, for as it stands it is an artistic gem. A sad story it is, the epic of the last of the Eskimo curlews who, in his exciting months of existence, lives the tragic life and death of a creature now gone into oblivion. Imaginatively told, with a poignant sensitivity to the dumb suffering of the last of a race, this prose epic takes the reader into the creature's mind, yet it never makes a human out of the tragic bird. In this Bodsworth has achieved a triumph.

Mr. Saunders also writes of *Upland Trails*, by Dan McCowan (Macmillan, xvi, 158 pp., $3.25).

An amateur naturalist of long standing, Dan McCowan has made himself known throughout Canada as lecturer, writer, and photographer. His books, now six in number, are pleasant collections of chatty accounts of his own experiences with birds, animals, plants, and people, to which he has added a *mélange* of natural history gleaned in his travels, in his reading, and from his friends and correspondents. They are dotted with folklore, appealing anecdotes, and many bits of curious knowledge. They are, in fact, the conversation of a man used to talking to many people. The present volume is in this pattern. The chapters, which originated as radio talks or magazine articles, cover all kinds of topics from western Canadian place names, and hailstones, to hibernation, hiking, and housebuilding for birds. Illustrated, as are his other books, with several pages of the author's photographs, this collection provides new fare for the ever growing company of amateur naturalist readers in Canada.

The following review of Patrick Anderson's autobiographical record has been contributed by Professor Millar MacLure.

*Snake Wine* (Chatto & Windus [Clarke Irwin], 288 pp., $3.35) is Patrick Anderson's record of the two years (1950–52) which he spent in Singapore as a lecturer in the University. It is a diary of impressions written by a man who suffers (he would admit the word) from a nagging curiosity of the senses and the imagination. Set down in the more austere atmosphere of Canada, where he lived in the forties, he can control the environment through anecdote and epigram—he recalls some of his Canadian experiences in this book and neatly polishes off our national character on page 226; but drenched in the tropic, tumbled bewildering setting of Singapore, exposing his nerves to every kind of

non-European experience, he almost gets lost, disintegrates, so that he attempts no comprehensive characterization of that society, but concentrates on communicating its chaotic intensity.

The result is a brilliant book, literally brilliant, full of violent colours and bizarre shapes, artfully grouped in relation to Mr. Anderson's chief preoccupations during those years: the students in the University, the house he lived in with a friend by the edge of the jungle, and the night-life of the city. (Communist terrorism and political hysteria stay at the periphery of his experience.) Often the atmosphere is rather feverish and self-consciously naughty, but that is the way Singapore made the author feel. The best descriptions are extraordinarily precise; the poet's eye is right on the object. On a Sunday morning he walks with a friend to attend a Monkey God seance: "We passed a couple of houses, a temple, several fierce-smelling pigsties, and a small rubber factory. A black butterfly zig-zagged out in front of us. The air was full of the bells from St. Theresa." But he is hardly so successful with people as with flowers, a pet monkey, an interior; we are introduced to a whole gallery of characters, it is true, but they do not really stand out, they blend into each other, form a rich background. In fact they are rather like creatures at a pet show, which may tell us something about Mr. Anderson, and certainly shows us one of the limits of his capacity as a writer.

Professor Kathleen Coburn has contributed the following review of *An Address by Emily Carr* (Oxford University Press, x, 13 pp., $1.50), the most disconcerting and original of Canadian painters.

"I hate like poison to talk" may not appear to be a propitious beginning for a speech, but it is certainly characteristic of Emily Carr's rebellious attitude towards convention and of her forthright prose style. The address is a lively statement of Emily Carr's understanding of her own art. The driving intelligence has always been visible in the paintings, but it must win admiration afresh to see here the articulation of principles not in paint but in words. This pamphlet, though the speech was written as long ago as 1930, would provide a good springboard for any discussion of modern art. It makes us yearn the more for those Journals, so long promised and so long withheld. It is a pity that such an important statement by one of Canada's most important artists should appear in a paper cover, and that in this flimsy form it should cost a dollar and a half.

The following reviews of other books related to art have been contributed by Mr. D. W. Buchanan.

Too many fields of collecting are treated in the book *In a Canadian*

*Attic* (Ryerson, x, 135 pp., $3.50) by Gerald Stevens for it to prove any more than a cursory introduction to any one of them. For those who want to begin acquiring old Canadian stamps or coins, silver, paintings or furniture, this book, of course, does give a few hints as to where to begin. But if you are already an avid collector, it won't add much to your stock of knowledge. Its title really tells what it is: a guide for those naïve souls who dream that some day they will clear out their cluttered attics and perhaps find a treasure trove among old books and dusty, forgotten packing cases.

On quite a different plane, for it is truly an original work of scholarship, is *Church Architecture in New France* (University of Toronto Press, xii, 162 pp., illus., $8.00) by Alan Gowans, a Canadian who is now at the University of Vermont. This book is well printed and designed, a credit throughout to its Canadian publisher. The author seeks to discover the origin of church architecture in New France: he traces the beginnings from the earliest records left by the builders and he also combs Normandy and other provinces in France for country churches of the same period which may possess similar characteristics. While the search in France appears to yield only some rather tenuous results, the chase itself is, however, absorbing to follow. The book is important as a fully documented account of stylistic evolution of church architecture in Quebec. Moreover, it contains an invaluable *catalogue raisonné* of the churches and chapels built in Quebec between 1615 and 1756.

The volume *September Gale: A Study of Arthur Lismer* (Dent, xii, 212 pp., illus., $3.95), by John A. B. McLeish, is the first really extensive biographical and critical study of a member of the Group of Seven to have appeared in print. Earlier, E. R. Hunter did a fine scholarly outline of the life and works of J. E. H. MacDonald but it was a much smaller work with emphasis placed more on the development of the artist as a painter than on the full life of the man himself. This book is much more about Lismer, the man, than his paintings. The best chapters deal with Lismer's great campaign over the years for more freedom in child art, both in schools and in special classes. His accomplishments and fame here have been international. The style of the book is rather oratorical and somewhat prolix. In fact, it is rather reminiscent at times of some of Lismer's own lectures: a few good points are put across but with too much repetition and too many words spent in the labour. However, this biography is, for the most part, so comprehensive that it is likely to become and remain a standard work

on Lismer. For this reason a few errors in dates and references regarding paintings and galleries might well be corrected in an errata slip.

Humour brings up the rear of this section. Dr. R. S. Harris has contributed the following reviews of *Shall We Join the Ladies?* (Ryerson, xiv, 156 pp., $2.50), by Eric Nicol, and *Mortgage Manor* (illustrated by Jim Reidford; Ryerson, xx, 156 pp., $3.50), by Lex Schrag.

The issue of *Maclean's* for October 15, 1955—a special anniversary number containing "the best of *Maclean's* over 50 years"—included a Stephen Leacock Sampler, a dozen excerpts from his many contributions to that magazine during a thirty-year period. Reading these selections for the first time, or rereading them after many years, one is at first disappointed: the wit seems forced, the absurdities dated. But the seventh or eighth selection seems fresher, the twelfth fresh. And the first selection, now reread, proves to be vintage Leacock. It has taken him a dozen pages to establish the character of *I*; once that had been done, almost everything Leacock wrote was—well, Leacock.

No such change in the reaction of the reader occurs as one proceeds through the nearly fifty selections in Eric Nicol's *Shall We Join the Ladies?*; one laughs immediately or never. For the most part originally printed in the *Vancouver Province*, the selections are Nicol's comments on what interested him at the moment or what came to mind as the deadline approached. Leacock, too, we can be sure, had to face deadlines. But, in addition to being an older man than Nicol and therefore one with a greater fund of experience to draw upon, he had created an *I* that had dimensions, one which, when the muse flagged, enabled him to retain interest. Since Nicol has still to create an identifiable *I*, his humour must depend upon situation or wit. At times amusing and at times extremely dull, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* reminds one of Nicol's three previous volumes and also of a comedian's radio or television script.

Lex Schrag's *Mortgage Manor* is also based on a newspaper column. The material, however, has been entirely reworked, and a book emerges. Technically a less gifted writer than Nicol and certainly no wit (the "learned" footnotes are a dismal failure), Schrag nonetheless creates an identifiable and human *I*. *Mortgage Manor* records the adventures of Schrag and his wife as homesteaders in eastern Scarborough. Their troubles are manifold and—for thousands of suburbanites across Canada—typical: the beams, the sump, the vegetable garden, the crows, the car, the local repairmen, the church group, the visitors from the city. Through it all Schrag and his wife—the churl and his

churless—move steadily and with warmth. One would have thought that *Mortgage Manor* was doomed at the outset by its author's decision to call his hero *the churl* on every page. Instead, the word takes on a new and friendly meaning.

## X. PERIODICAL WRITING

*Millar MacLure*

Since Canadian periodicals have not been brought under critical scrutiny in "Letters in Canada" for some time, I shall make clear at the outset the limitations of this review. It is confined, with one exception, to periodicals in English; scientific, professional, and technical journals are omitted; various slick-paper publications, house- and trade- organs (often with superb photographs) are left to professional waiting-rooms, special subscription lists, and Christmas shoppers; popular publications, for example *Maclean's* and *Liberty*, are given less analytical treatment than they deserve; poetry magazines are passed over, and so are any fugitive, short-term or irregularly published periodicals, including collections of regional archives.

These are major operations to perform upon the slender body of Canadian periodical publishing. Not much is left: we have nothing analogous to the *New Yorker*, the *Atlantic*, the *Listener*, the *London Magazine* even (subsidized, let us say, by the Atkinson Foundation as the *London Magazine* is by the *Daily Mirror*); only three university quarterlies, two long-established journals of "opinion and the arts," a few scholarly journals, the popular ones already mentioned, and some miscellaneous publications of varying interest and importance. For this year at least, it seems proper to characterize briefly each of the periodicals, and then to notice those contributions to each which are of special interest or value.

The *Canadian Forum* (36 Yonge St., Toronto; Corresponding Editor: Alan Creighton) is unique among Canadian publications. F. R. Scott, prominent among its former supporters, has recently accused it (in its correspondence columns) of *il gran rifiuto*; it has not remained sufficiently socialist to suit him. But an American friend of sound literary judgment and liberal political views, to whom I occasionally send a copy, speaks of it as "having the character of the old *Nation*," being "stout and incorruptible." The uncommitted intelligence is rare in our

society, in which climate and history combine to recommend comfort and safety as defences against the perils of being a Canadian. Yet in these dull-looking pages, thrown together (it seems) any old way, are to be found some of the most thoughtful and independent contributions to the art of civilization which Canadians produce. The occasional long review article, "Turning New Leaves," redeems an otherwise disorganized review section; other columns keep patient watch upon the arts, and the political commentary is always well informed and provocative. Philip Stratford's two amusing reports on French "alcoholism" (July and October), which are in the genre virtually created by A. J. Leibling in the *New Yorker*, are worthy of special mention, as is A. R. M. Lower's "Critique of Toynbee" (August). Yet one must confess that, bright, literate, and timely though it is, the *Forum* rarely prints the leisurely and thoughtful, urbane, and discursive essay which should be the flower of that civilization it upholds.

We might hope to find such essays in the university quarterlies, and occasionally we do. R. L. Fauconnier's short study of Gissing ("Killjoy with Clear Eyes," *Queen's Quarterly*, Summer) and A. R. Bevan's discovery of a minor academic eccentric ("James de Mille and Archibald MacMechan," *Dalhousie Review*, Autumn) barely come into this category, which is perhaps better represented by the late R. C. Wallace's retrospective meditations on his career as scientist and educator ("As I Look Back," *Queen's Quarterly*, Winter). But the prevailing tone of the quarterlies is far from casual; the lectern is more in evidence than the easy chair, and, if we consider their traditional function in our society, that is not surprising. In the 60th anniversary issue of the *Queen's Quarterly* (Winter, 1954), A. S. P. Woodhouse observed that "apart from the classroom, the Humanities in Canada have found in the university quarterlies their principal medium." The humanist strategy as a civilizing force takes one of two forms: either a brisk, attentive, and critical comment on the current scene, or a contemplative and scholarly evocation of traditional values. The contributors to Canadian university quarterlies employ, usually with deliberation, both these methods.

Apart from this general similarity, the three periodicals differ from each other in many respects. The *Dalhousie Review* (Dalhousie University, Halifax; Editor: W. Graham Allen) is strongly regional and antiquarian; the editors find a place for Maritime matters in almost every issue, for example J. Russell Harper's article on nineteenth-century daguerrotypists in Saint John (Autumn) or Maurice Arm-

strong's straight-faced comment on the hymnological flights of Henry Alline, eighteenth-century minister of the Gospel at Falmouth (Winter). The file of the *Review* is a treasure-trove for historians of the eastern provinces. But its quality as a literary magazine leaves something to be desired, and it is perhaps ironic that George Woodcock's able plea for a vital Canadian criticism which would help to create a "community of Canadian writing" (Autumn) should have appeared in these pages, where the essays on literature are very disappointing, and the featured articles on public affairs are (at least in 1955) painfully platitudinous. Yet what the magazine lacks in intellectual vigour and technical polish it makes up for in variety; the four issues under review contain, for example, a brief memoir of Winston Churchill by Gilbert Murray, a study of the Privy Purse accounts of Henry, Jacobean Prince of Wales, an informative article on the Orkneys and Shetlands, and the printing of a letter from Lawrence Binyon to Cyril Clemens on the problems of translating Dante.

*Queen's Quarterly* (Queen's University, Kingston; Editor: Malcolm Ross) has a more sharply defined editorial policy, and is more dramatically "engaged" in the cause of the humanities than either of the others. Witness the interesting and informative reports in the series "Our Lively Arts," Phyllis Webb's illuminating survey of the problems attendant upon the publication of verse in this country, a statistically documented study of the poet's isolation from "the lonely crowd" (Winter), or Donald Creighton's trenchant apologia for the humanities, "Education for Government" (Winter): "Government is an art, not a science, and an adventure, not a planned itinerary; and the humanities have been its oldest masters and surest guides." *Queen's Quarterly* has also its own "department of external affairs"; each issue contains at least one article in that field. But the range of contributions is not departmentalized, and this year's file includes, for example, Alice Munroe's memorable short story "The Edge of Town" (Autumn), Hugh Maclean's corrosive fantasia on California cults (Summer), and Nathan Cohen's devastating attack on the productions of Tyrone Guthrie (Autumn). Provocative and controversial articles find a warmer welcome in these pages than in most Canadian journals of the humanities; the reader is referred to Arthur Lower, "The Canadian University" (Summer), an argument for "area studies" in the university curriculum, or to Earle Birney, "The Writer and the H-Bomb" (Spring).

It is unnecessary to describe here the history and function of the *University of Toronto Quarterly* (University of Toronto Press; Editor:

Douglas Grant); that has been done, gracefully and thoroughly, by Roy Daniells in "A Quarter-Century of the *Quarterly*" (October). In that issue, the *Quarterly* began its twenty-fifth year with a new cover and typography, and a new editor, who promises simply that the journal will continue to serve the cause of scholarship. The ideal *Quarterly* article is a modestly documented short study by a specialist, in his own field but with a humane reference beyond the technical boundaries of that field. This is the hardest kind of article to write, the more remarkable that the *Quarterly* has published so many of them. The extremes to be avoided are narrowness on the one hand and frivolity (which is urbanity in defect) on the other. It is possible that contributors to the *Quarterly* have sometimes fallen into the first extreme, but they very rarely fall into the second. Out of twenty-five articles published in 1955, ten were in the realm of English studies (three of them on Milton), running the gamut from G. C. Haddow's informal survey of the novels of Ronald Firbank ("Featherpate of Folly," January) to F. E. L. Priestley's intricate analysis of Browning's *La Saisiaz* (October). Among the more important contributions in other fields should be mentioned Lewis S. Feuer, "Bertrand Russell: The Pilgrimage of Scientific Philosophy" (April), a survey based on the general principle that "every philosophy is a work of autobiography," and H. W. McCready, "British Labour and the Royal Commission on Trade Unions, 1867–9" (July), in which appropriate prominence is given to the dominant position and influence in the Commission of Frederic Harrison, opponent of Arnold, biographer of Ruskin, disciple of Comte.

Almost every problem which can arouse the enthusiasm of the student of civil societies reaches an acute form in this country, which is a casebook for the exploration of investment problems, the balance of the national effort between the production of raw materials and manufactured goods, the scope and division of regulatory powers, the adjustment of Old World forms to New World conditions, and, above all, the question of communications, to which the late Dean Innis directed his great powers. Hence the vitality of the *Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science* (University of Toronto Press; Managing Editor: G. A. Elliott), in which the contributions range over that fruitful area between statistics and philosophy. It is surprising and consoling for the layman to note how often these students of economic and political processes resolve their problems by an appeal to fundamentals; see R. C. Pratt's analysis of "The Benthamite Theory of Democracy"

(February), with its salutary demonstration that Bentham set no value on freedom or individuality as such, and J. A. Corry's searching "Prospects for the Rule of Law" (November). Professor Corry notes that his subject is being "whittled away by theology at one end and by sociology at the other" in a world of large-scale organizations and "policy directives," in which "we are becoming the prisoners of interdependence." Can the tradition of free inquiry continue to flourish in such a society?

And what of international "tensions," the neuroses of twentieth-century diplomacy? These are examined in *International Journal* (230 Bloor St. W., Toronto; Editor: Harold I. Nelson), the quarterly of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, in which one may find informed and authoritative comment on the international scene. Among articles not yet dated by the latest word from Dulles or Krushchev, one might mention George F. G. Stanley, "Dien Bien Phu in Retrospect" (Winter) and G. M. Craig, "On Understanding American Foreign Policy" (Spring). Professor Craig outlines the historical background for such curious phenomena as the American distrust of professional diplomacy, and sees hope for the future in the vigorous soul-searching which is characteristic of the best current American thought on foreign affairs.

If scholarship is to be saved from barren generalizations and slapdash ideologies it must be buttressed by solid documentation, and this is certainly provided by the contributors to the *Canadian Historical Review* (University of Toronto Press; Editors: G. M. Craig, J. B. Conacher, R. A. Spencer), which is bibliographically impeccable, not only in its regularly published appendices, for example "Recent Publications relating to Canada" (March and December), but in its major articles. In nations whose growth has been accelerated by technical revolutions and international crises it is difficult for even enlightened citizens to absorb a tradition so foreshortened, a past which has not had time to ripen into fruitful memory. Such articles as C. P. Stacey's "Britain's Withdrawal from North America, 1864–71" (September), a study of the significant interaction of events in Europe and America during that period, help to fill this gap in the Canadian historical imagination, while W. L. Morton, "The Formation of the First Federal Cabinet" (June), assists us to see current problems of representation in the proper light. The pattern of sectional representation, the conflicting claims of local interest and national feeling are well displayed in the documents by which Professor Morton supports his analysis. Regional studies domin-

ate the December issue of the *Review*: the three major articles are all on Maritime history. The best contributions to this journal are impersonal and weighty; they may provoke reflection but hardly excitement. There is truth as well as humour in a casual remark by F. H. Underhill in his brilliant review of Toynbee (September), where, commenting on Toynbee's reference in his conclusion to Fra Angelico's picture of the Beatific Vision, he observes: "Well, if it is the duty of the historian to prepare himself by his studies for the attainment of the Beatific Vision, he is obviously wasting his time by settling down into Canadian history."

Perhaps the best Canadian history can offer is the "visions" of W. L. M. King. James Reaney is not so sure of what the historians can provide, but he describes what the bardic imagination has done in E. J. Pratt's *Towards the Last Spike* (*Northern Review*, Summer). This article, a perceptive interpretation of Pratt's poem, and an attempt to get at the Canadian "distance-myth," is hardly typical of contributions to the *Northern Review* (21 Sussex Ave., Toronto; Editor: John Sutherland), which with the Spring issue changed from a bi-monthly to a quarterly. Not only does this journal emphasize fiction and verse more than the critical essay, but it is committed also to an "orthodoxy intelligent and passionate" (a contributor's phrase), i.e. modern Catholic literary expression. Our century, says Wladimir Weidlé in "The Religious Basis of Art" (Spring), presents the aspect almost of a religious era." This is not the expressed *raison d'être* of the *Canadian Journal of Theology* (75 Queen's Park Cres., Toronto; Secretary of Editorial Board: Rev. George Johnston), which began publication in April. Its editors assert only the obligation upon Canadian Protestant theologians to overcome the limitations imposed by small facilities for graduate study in theology and by the influence of the frontier tradition by publishing articles theological, biblical, historical, and pastoral, of interest to the whole Church. As one might expect, the *causes célèbres* of twentieth-century Protestant theology, Bultmann's "demythologizing" of the New Testament and Nygren's dichotomy between Eros and Agape, are argued in these pages; Bultmann himself is represented by "The Transformation of the Church in Early Christianity" (July); G. R. Cragg contributes an essay on the background of Canadian theological study to the first issue; and among the clergy appears—not unexpectedly—Miss Hilda Neatby, who, in "The Challenge of Education to the Christian Church" (April), seeks to enrol the cloth in her crusade.

Meanwhile the classicists hold the fort. It is always a pleasure to pick up the *Phoenix* (editor: Mary E. White, Trinity College, Toronto), whether one admires that precise kind of edifice of documentation and conjecture which classical scholars know best how to create, for example C. W. J. Eliot, "New Evidence for the Speed of the Roman Imperial Post" (Summer), or the detailed but coherent analysis of text exemplified by S. M. Adams' essays on the *Antigone* and *Ajax* of Sophocles (Summer and Autumn). The reviews, too, constitute a *causerie* and not merely a regiment of platitudes. The most ambitious article in the *Phoenix* this year is Mary White's "Greek Tyranny" (Spring), an admirable corrective to loose generalizations about the sources and nature of that form of government.

Considering the present state of Greek and Latin studies in Canadian universities, it is good to see that the contributors to the *Phoenix* neither carry a chip on the shoulder nor smoulder in self-pity, but create good things. Yet all about these excellent journals which I have just noticed one can sense the presence of the encircling Philistines; "the entire country," says Alan Brown in the January *Forum*, "is a suburb." In *Canadian Art* (Box 384, Ottawa; Editors: Robert Ayre, Donald W. Buchanan), the handsomely produced journal of and for those active and influential artists who contribute so much to Canadian culture, the reports of exhibitions and accounts of the achievements of individual artists in various parts of the country sound like the letters from missionaries in the church paper I read at home in my youth—"wonderful work is being done among the Bonga-Bonga." And indeed it is. Canadian painters, when they leave home, go to Paris or to Mexico: see the interesting reflections on these experiences by Jack Humphreys (Winter) and a group of fellowship holders (Summer). The Atlantic and the U.S.A. are oceans they must cross in their search for the sophisticated or the primitive.

The editors of *Maclean's* (481 University Ave., Toronto; Editor: Ralph Allen), our major popular journal, recognize the strong distance-element in our national feeling. Where a poet realizes it in his metaphors a canny publisher turns it into sales. For several years now *Maclean's* has held up a mirror to the face of Canada, reflecting in elaborate picture layouts and photographic prose the surface, present and past, of the national scene. Except for an occasional splurge, as when they publish a $1000–$5000 award story (for example Morley Callaghan's "The Man in the White Coat," April 16), the editors are not fundamentally interested in fiction, though they may nostalgically

recall the more flexible policies of the past in an anniversary issue (October 15). They are for the romance of the actual, and their best writers are Bruce Hutchison and Blair Fraser, both very able reporters with a talent for lively dramatization of the obvious. Hutchison's serialized "Struggle for the Border" is popular history on a big scale; his rediscovery of his "unknown country" (with colour photographs) is called in the blurb "a searching but informal look at the nation," and that is true of all that he has done. Fraser's "The Fairy Tale Romance of the Canadian Shield" (December 24), a Christmas story for "serious-minded" Canadians, gives away more explicitly the *Maclean's* technique.

It is very hard to characterize *Saturday Night* (73 Richmond St. W., Toronto; Editor: Gwyn Kinsey): Humpty Dumpty? Proteus perhaps? It has been the same size all through 1955 (11¼″ by 8¼″). The list of contributing editors reads like a ministry of all the talents: film reviews by Mary Lowery Ross (who is far and away the best film critic in Canada); book reviews by Robertson Davies, always robust, never dull; John A. Stevenson from Ottawa, Hugh Maclennan from Montreal, Anthony West, Willson Woodside, Hugh Garner, Beverley Nichols. All these talents should add up to excellence, but the total effect is curiously disappointing. Is it the photographs? One cannot turn a page without being confronted by a Karsh (or Karsh-like) portrait of someone, a pulp tycoon, an actress, a premier, a professor, a poet. Or is it that the writing is strait-jacketed into columns? Everyone stands in his little niche between the ads, and we have a revelation from each in turn. As "extras" *Saturday Night* publishes serialized excerpts from books notorious rather than excellent, for example, in 1955, Koestler's *The Invisible Writing*, Aldington's *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Mr. Jack Kent Cooke also publishes *Liberty*, "Canada's young family magazine," which claims the highest magazine circulation in Canada. *Liberty* is the opium of the would-be happily adjusted, for whom "fabulous" equals big, the oracles are, among others, Gordon Sinclair and Brock Chisholm, and the hot news is confessional, for example, "Why I'm the Only Wife of a Mormon" (December).

Our culture is certainly divided horizontally, but it is divided vertically too. From this fact arises one claim to importance for *Culture*, a quarterly published by L'Association de Recherches sur les Sciences Religieuses et Profane au Canada (33, rue de l'Alverne, Quebec). For *Culture* is bilingual. It is very difficult to judge the general quality of a periodical so eclectic in its interests; it is perhaps a little

pretentious. But one can at least give some indication of the variety of the contributions: Maurice Lebel, "Entretien national sur l'humanisme" (mars; repeated in English, juin); A.-M. Hainelin, "Le *Tractatus de Usuris* de Maître Alexandre d'Alexandrie (juin et septembre); R. P. Little, "Some Recollections of Tom Thomson and Canoe Lake" (juin); G. J. Lavere, "The Basis for the State in the Political Philosophy of John Locke" (décembre).

These divisions of which I speak are not to be healed by bilingual politicians, or hockey players, or meetings of professional associations. If they are to be healed at all, the arts must be our physicians. And the arts—among which we must give no mean place to prose in periodicals—are cosmopolitan. It is parochialism, disguised as "national consciousness," which divides a culture while attempting to nourish and defend it. There is, therefore, good ground for optimism when one can find so much critical and occasional writing in our periodicals which, whether its theme is Canadian or not, displays an intelligence, good humour, and versatility which follow no flag.

## XI. PUBLICATIONS IN FRENCH *W. E. Collin*

*La Lumière de l'âme* (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 224 pp., $2.00) is a collection of talks delivered over the radio by the distinguished Dominican scholar Father Louis Lachance. His theme was the role of grace in social and personal life. Considering "rebirth," of which Christ spoke to Nicodemus, as the essence of Christian experience he showed how later philosophers and theologians, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, drew from it a theory of Christian humanism. Rebirth, he noted, means acquiring a new being, a new nature, a new conception of our filial relation to God and to drive the point home to his special audience he paused to examine the religious situation in Quebec. Here he made statements which are pertinent to the discussion of an idea that has engaged many minds this year: the collective soul of French Canada. "Catholicism in French Canada," he said, "is a mass phenomenon. . . . Mass Catholicism implies perfect integration of the clergy in the mass of the faithful . . . and offers a ground which favours the growth of the mysticism of the leader." "Our religious life," he noted, "stays on a low plane. We are so possessed by the desire for earthly goods that we no longer hunger and thirst for that perfection which

alone can make a man grow to his full stature." The coming of the gospel caused a revolution, a complete break in the web of time; the order of fate ended, the order of grace was enthroned in the very heart of man's personality. What French Canadians have lost, according to this spiritual doctor, is the idea of "the capital role that grace must play in our social and personal lives," the understanding that "the gospel gave us the laws, unknown before, which link man's world to his Creator."

M. Edouard Montpetit (1882–1954) was the most human of nationalists. During the last few years of his life he was preparing for publication the third volume of his *Souvenirs* and a work he intended to call *Présences*. In *Souvenirs* (Montréal, Thérien Frères, 235 pp.) he describes his visits to Rome, Paris, Brussels, Oxford, Edinburgh where he went to represent his own University of Montreal or to give lectures on French-Canadian culture. Montpetit was more than an economist; to economy he added history and geography; indeed within his vision all things, science, art, religion, literature, are inextricably mixed. Suffusing all is a spirit of fidelity. His concept of "presence" is a permanent contribution to Canadian thought. One of his disciples, Jean Désy, writes to him: "I can still see you caressing some polished stones you gathered on the beach at Percé, as though they were priceless bronzes. To penetrate the secret of beings, to receive the quickening truth, to translate it into action, that was the programme you outlined for us." Montpetit speaks of "the humanized landscape of France." Many an evening he sat on the bank of the great river of Canada thinking he caught the echo of paddles and voices in the canoes of "explorers, trappers, makers of pathways, tracers of roads." This animation of the landscape by the activity of men who were his ancestors is what he calls "cordial geography." He found a similar spirit in the writings of Georges Duhamel; in Maurice Bedel he found a "poetic geography" even closer to his own feeling. "Start your motor," he says, "and go into the country. It bears the imprint of our history. Note the quiver of life. What nobility in a waving field of wheat! Note how the village unfolds itself along the side of a road like a rosary, with the church in place of the cross. On Sundays it wakes up. The mass brings all the folk together on the church steps. Read the first pages of *Maria Chapdelaine*. There you have a demonstration of a collective soul penetrated with good nature, vivacity and mirth." So Montpetit created his "poetic geography." Perhaps he was all the more anxious to breathe his spirit into the land since he was aware of an alien wind blowing upon it from

the outside. In view of the shock of "number" and "money" he counselled his people to be watchful of their Latin values. Yet in the end he made a place for the idea of co-existence and spoke of wealth that was to be drawn from "a collaboration in which two great civilizations meet."

Montpetit's spirit lives on in Jean Désy, Canadian ambassador to France. This erudite and travelled gentleman notes the response of his French-Canadian heart to scenes abroad. An old song he hears in the valley of Aosta suddenly transports him into "our Laurentians." As he turns the pages of the original edition of the *Encyclopédie* in the library of a Brazilian diplomat he feels at home. One chapter of *Les Sentiers de la culture* (Montréal, Fides, 1954, 223 pp., $2.25) is a review of the work of a Brazilian poet, Castro Alves. Alves was a follower of Victor Hugo and M. Désy places him by the side of a Canadian disciple, Louis Fréchette, and notes that the two meet under the sign of fraternity. As he looks at these two New World poets M. Désy reproaches Hugo for not appreciating the role of America, for not composing hymns in honour of the heroes of the New World, for not seeing that this land was to become the refuge of liberty. What strikes M. Désy in the Brazilian writer is a sense of the human and a sense of America. A broad and deep current of humane learning informs his own reflections. He directs us to classical authors for the "Infrastructure," the loom on which man's destiny is woven. He speaks of Homer and Virgil as "architects of the soul." From them we acquire the certitude that, despite movements of frontiers and the fragility of conventions, human nature does not change. After them come the great authors of the Renaissance; then later authorities on the gentle art of diplomacy. The secret of his own personal charm is modesty. Wherever he goes M. Désy takes a measure by which he judges the value of human experience: Christian humanism. The perfect diplomat is the Christian diplomat. Men are brothers, he says, in the sense that they are sons of God. Human fraternity has no longer any sense once it ceases to flow from divine paternity. In history he sees a moment when a spiritual bond was broken, when a hierarchy collapsed, when the unity of Europe was gone forever, when each man became an absolute. Since then man has sacrificed to idols: material science and the guardian state. Experience of the world has sharpened and deepened M. Désy's understanding of the values he learned at home. "A diplomat is a nomad," he writes, "he represents and defends a national heritage." But this conception of his role has led M. Désy to a panacea. Speaking on "the

fourth freedom," he says that fear is unworthy of a Christian. Denying "the primacy of the spiritual," breaking away from the supernatural, man has been led into slavery from which he can be freed by binding himself again to the Christian tradition.

In his presentation of *Mélanges sur les humanités* (Paris, Librairie J. Vrin [Presses Universitaires Laval], 265 pp.) Father Paul Vanier speaks of a "new humanism," of "cultural renewals," of "the new spirit of a rising generation" that stimulates the men of his group. His group is, in the main, professors at the Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf in Montreal of which he is the principal. M. Etienne Gilson is the outstanding exception. M. Jacques Lavigne has a certain pre-eminence too, as a professor of philosophy at the University of Montreal. These men write on such topics as "Spiritual life and the humanities," "The Bible and the humanities," "Virgil, educator of the metaphysical instinct," "The humanities and Christian culture." M. Gilson's topic is "The school at the cross-roads"; M. Lavigne's "The figure of the world." Father Vanier is delighted with "a priceless promise" he sees in these essays; "all are permeated with the same deep desire for a Christian wisdom which, with a new divine light, illumines existence and all reality." We note, in particular, that the beauty of M. Lavigne's thought springs from the intuition of a divine light appearing through a "fissure" at the moment when we reach our limit. This Augustinian existentialist believes that life is restlessness which opens a prospect upon the absolute, the divine. There will always be social unrest, always a struggle between man and society, an essential restlessness that nothing on earth can appease. Society has its limits. We come to the limit of our dialectic and feel impotent. But this very sense of limit makes us look higher. In such moments there occurs a fissure, we hear a call, the call of our ideal of justice, liberty, love. "It is the sign of the presence of the eternal and absolute in us that we stand above time and development and are forced to ask the meaning of them." M. Lavigne also warns us of a temptation to substitute for the absolute some reality which is merely a reflection of it. "Figure," to him, is an intellectual or emotional framework in which details and events acquire their significance.

II

Historical science is the field in which the collective soul of French Canada performs its most fascinating exercises. Still on the trail of falsifiers of Canadian history M. Gustave Lanctot has come upon an "unknown" New France which he seems to have discovered in authentic

documents such as the *Journal* of the Jesuits and the annals of religious congregations. The revelations he publishes in *Une Nouvelle-France inconnue* (Montréal, Ducharme, 205 pp., $2.00) concern, first of all, Mary worship. Sister Marguerite Bourgeois, we are told, had a little chapel built under the name of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours and "solemnly deposited there a little statue six inches tall, carved in miraculous oak wood from Montaigu in Belgium where an image of the Virgin had been found." When Phipps's fleet appeared in the river, Quebec soldiers wore "passports of the Immaculate Conception." They were invocations to Mary written by the Ursulines. So spectacular was the devotion to Mary that Peter Kalm, who witnessed some celebrations in 1749, wrote: "The Virgin Mary seems to be more honoured in Canada than God himself." M. Lanctot has discovered that a parliamentary system existed in Quebec in 1657. Strange, he exclaims, that in the heyday of absolute monarchy the Council of Quebec possessed "the essence of a parliamentary system." Again, food rationing, far from being an innovation of the great wars of our time, was resorted to in Canada on three occasions during periods of famine. But where M. Lanctot really displays his skill is in the matter of interpreting a document. The source may be pure but only the initiated, historians whose hearts are pure, can understand its meaning. Three historians are accused of "flagrant falsity" in misreading the "clear text" of the *Journal* of the Jesuits relating to the execution of a certain Huguenot. These three historians are "victims of their prejudices, religious in the first case, philosophic in the second, anti-Catholic in the third." By a kind of historical sixth sense M. Lanctot convinces himself that the Huguenot Daniel Voil was shot by a firing squad not for blaspheming but for selling brandy to Indians and that Mgr Laval was "in no way responsible for the execution."

A group of younger historians represent a "new interpretation" of French-Canadian history. Perhaps they come by their new instruments of thought and feeling while contemplating the spectacle of industrial expansion. They see power and glory that might have been French if the normal development of French Canada had not been interrupted by the conquest. The conquest, in this new interpretation, assumes the character of a classical tragedy. "Canada," says M. Marcel Trudel, "became officially a Protestant colony and it was Catholicism, in its turn, that existed on sufferance" (*La Revue de l'Université Laval*, septembre 1955). More than that, "the installation of Protestantism . . . was the revenge of the Huguenots." In "the first Protestant sermon heard in Quebec" the preacher, the Rev. Eli Dawson, rendered thanks

for "the intervention of divine Providence." To the historian of the military régime the preacher meant: "Let us not speak of the fortunes of war but of the Providence of war." "A few steps from preacher Dawson," laments Professor Trudel, "Montcalm was sleeping his last sleep in a grave still green." "By a tragic reversal of things," he concludes, "Catholicism, which had been the official and exclusive religion, had to take refuge in a vague status of sufferance; the state religion was Protestantism."

M. Michel Brunet, who collaborated with M. Marcel Trudel and M. Guy Frégault in a work entitled *Histoire du Canada par les textes* (1952), this year published a long article on "La conquête anglaise et la déchéance de la bourgeoisie canadienne, 1760–1793" (*Amérique française*, June 1955) and a book entitled *Canadians et Canadiens* (Fides, 175 pp., $2.00). The French colonists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, M. Brunet claims in his article, were "masters of a rich commercial empire which they exploited themselves and did not believe they were called to be farmers." They found this out when they were "eliminated from the economic life of their country." This historian sets himself the task of "showing how the conquered Canadians of 1760 lost their bourgeoisie," their "capitalist bourgeoisie." By this term he means the "select class of wealthy traders, business men, seigneurs, military men and administrators who formed the natural and indispensable framework of colonial society before 1760." Many were millionaires. After the conquest these men were replaced by English traders and the economic life was completely changed in the sense that "the conquered people no longer benefited by the enlightened and dynamic guidance of an autochthonous bourgeoisie, economically independent, totally devoted to its interests as an ethnic group, capable of building for it a political, economic, social and cultural order entirely dedicated to its service." The only victory it can claim is "demographic increase," a "precarious victory," he says, as demonstrated by "the industrial revolution and the massive proletarianization of French Canadians in the service of an economico-social order which they themselves did not create." The absence of this civil, bourgeois class of leaders, in M. Brunet's view, is "the great fact of French-Canadian history since the conquest." "Long and patient research will be necessary," he says, "to reveal all its terrible significance."

In *Canadians et Canadiens* he talks about the Massey Report, "another manifestation of Canadian nationalism," federal aid to universities, "the two points of view," "the meta-historian Arnold J. Toynbee

and French-Canadian nationality," "the contemporary problems of French-Canadian society," "centralism and federalism." His attitude on the plane of federal history is that the federal government is "the national government of English Canada" and that in the process of its historical evolution French Canada has stood by and looked on impotently. The last chapter is an attack on Maurice Lamontagne's stand in *Le Fédéralisme canadien* (1954). French Canadians, M. Brunet says, owe it to themselves to organize their society and their intellectual framework without the help of English Canadians since the most pressing danger is precisely the influence of the Anglo-Canadian element and the movement towards Canadian unity, centralism, and federalism. The chapter on Toynbee is a psychical demonstration of the superiority of the nationalist historian, master of an impeccable method, over an historian who takes long and daring and impossible flights. M. Guy Frégault could claim the "grandeur" of Vaudreuil as Canadian. How can M. Brunet clothe himself in the mantle of Toynbee's greatness? By reducing it to his own measure. "Arnold J. Toynbee," he begins, "enjoys great prestige. He figures among the intellectuals of which our contemporary world is proud." This man has made a "vast search into the birth, development, decay and death of civilizations." He has discovered the "constants" of history. He has taken "the liberty of venturing along new ways." But his very sweep sets him outside the domain of "the true historian." "His *Study of History* is not history." He is a "meta-historian," a "prophet." He "chooses facts that fit in with his preconceptions." "The professional historian fears his ways and avoids them"; he is "more modest." M. Brunet is a nationalist historian with a flair for prejudices, like M. Lanctot; exquisitely sensitive to psychic movements of reduction and exaltation. "M. Toynbee," he writes, "nourishes prejudices," "harbours resentment." "One of his *bêtes noires* is nationalism." Yet he is "much too indulgent towards the imperialist nationalism of his own country." Toynbee is "English and European." "His superiority complex as an Englishman and European stands out conspicuously in his attitude towards the U.S.A. The great American republic has received the heavy task of guiding the Atlantic world. . . . His nationalism as a *Britisher* and European is humiliated by it. Several Europeans, who nostalgically cherish the memory of a glorious age that has gone, think like M. Toynbee. This fact does not prove their objectivity, nor their disinterestedness. Still less their humility! It is regrettable that the author of *Civilization on Trial* should entertain such prejudices."

M. Robert-Lionel Séguin is moved by the tragedy of rebellion, "the tragic autumn of 1837." What characterizes his study of *Le Mouvement insurrectionnel dans la Presqu'île de Vaudreuil, 1837–1838* (Ducharme, 158 pp., $2.00) is the style. M. Seguin makes us eye-witnesses of the tragedy. Not as an usher but as an interested heir of these "patriots" he takes us round three or four parishes, into stores, churches, manor-houses, looking for trouble. The actors are introduced to us by name. We go to their meetings and hear them protest against the British parliament. They ask for local industries, preference for local products; they speak of closer commercial relations with the United States. Queen Victoria has come to the throne, the Bishop orders the "Te Deum" to be sung in the churches, the priest of Saint-Polycarpe ascends his pulpit and begins a comparison between the new queen and Queen Elizabeth to which his parishioners will not listen. Some walk out. There is no one to ring the bells. They say: The bells of Saint-Polycarpe belong to us and not to Queen Victoria. We see men in a foundry making bullets, turning scythes into bayonets and the real tragedy begins. "The men of this heroic epoch now belong to history. They will remain the symbol of popular opposition to bureaucratic oligarchy."

The spectacle M. Robert Rumilly presents in the thousand pages of his *Histoire des Acadiens* (Fides, 1038 pp., $6.75) is more than a tragedy; he calls it a "martyrdom." We are not only to shed tears but see crowns on the heads of saints. "All the misfortune in the world burst upon and relentlessly pursued this innocent little people." Historical imagination here seems guilty of hyperbole committed under the provocation of immeasurable pity. Martyrdom is a potent word that means death by physical torture. We think of the early Christians, of Brébeuf and his brethren. We wonder too what passion dictates this author's judgment when he writes: "If the frightful storm of *le grand dérangement* had not occurred the French would perhaps be in the majority in Canada today." We wonder too at the "miracle" of survival. This little people, deported from Acadia some two hundred years ago, today constitute 15 per cent of the population of Prince Edward Island and 38 per cent of the population of New Brunswick and are so occupied building schools, churches, and convents that M. Rumilly might end his story on the word "hope." Longfellow's poem no doubt has played a role in the formation of the Acadian mentality. "*Evangeline* created or awakened an Acadian mystique," says M. Rumilly. Longfellow himself merely thought it was a good subject for a poem. But, as M. Rumilly reports, "*Evangeline* is the Acadian *Odyssey*. The

Acadians take for their national epic the work of a foreigner who never saw them, never knew them except in archives. Moreover they forget the poet. Evangeline, for them, is not a heroine created by an artist's imagination. It is not a legend; it is different from a symbol. It is an historical character who really lived, really suffered, the incarnation of Acadia. Evangeline became the national heroine and not only the most touching but the most living among the daughters of her race. A destiny that Maria Chapdelaine has not known." The same cult is practised by descendants of Acadians living in Louisiana. In reporting the visit of a group of French Canadians Dr. Louis-Philippe Roy (*Avec la liaison française en Louisiane*, Montréal, Edns Ferland, 48 pp.) describes a spectacle at Lafayette where some six thousand enthusiastic spectators listened to a chorus of Evangelines and Gabriels and watched folk dances and the crowning of a queen of the camelias. At St. Martinville there is a Longfellow-Evangeline park and a monument to Evangeline, as at Grandpré. Her constancy, courage, fidelity, and suffering were such, says the French Canadian visitor, that she now "incarnates immortal Acadia."

It is a far cry from M. Rumilly's nationalism to the large understanding and suave tone that characterize M. Roger Duhamel's study of "La Politique étrangère du Canada" (*Ecrits du Canada français*, no 2). This is a thoughtful account of the growth of the provinces into a country. The union which came slowly and often painfully was hastened into being by the necessity of defence. The succession of dates, 1775, 1812–1814, 1861, 1866, dramatizes the danger of what we now call the unguarded frontier. A feeling expressed in Sir Richard Cartwright's memoirs sums up the situation very tersely: "The real father of Confederation was not Brown, or Cartier, or Macdonald, but Captain Wilkes."

Still another tone is heard in *Paresseux, ignorants, arriérés?* (Collection "L'Histoire régionale," no 19; Les Trois-Rivières, Edns du Bien Public, xxiv, 272 pp., illus.). The author, M. Louis-D. Durand, is not a professional historian but a lawyer who took to historical research after being seriously injured in a car accident. He likes to come upon pictures of the everyday life of the people and his genial, witty comments give spice to a work deserving of a better title.

Eight historians joined forces to celebrate the role played by the Recollets in Montreal during the three hundred years of its existence. Their talks, recorded in *Les Recollets et Montréal* (Préface de Marcel Trudel; Montréal, Edns Franciscaines, 295 pp.), were accompanied

by radio dramas composed by Mlle Marie-Claire Daveluy. An anniversary was the occasion for publishing a *Histoire de Roberval, cœur du Lac-Saint-Jean, 1855–1955* (Chicoutimi, Société Historique du Saguenay, 369 pp., $3.75). It is a monumental work, well documented, generously illustrated, a mine of information concerning every kind of activity calculated to humanize this hostile region. For a time there was a "mystique" of Lake St. John. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when thousands of French Canadians were emigrating to the United States, this region loomed in the imagination of nationalists as a promised land. The author, M. Rossel Vien, traces the growth of the village through three periods: black, rose, grey. People came, started a business, then departed to another parish. "The region became adult, folded in on itself and wondered if it had been dreaming." *Visages du vieux Trois-Rivières* ("L'Histoire régionale," no 18; Edns du Bien Public, 203 pp., $2.00) is an introduction to the people living in Three Rivers in the days of the Old Régime by M. Raymond Douville, a member of the "Group of Ten"; M. Yvon Thériault's *Trois-Rivières, ville de reflet* (L'Histoire régionale, no 15; Edns du Bien Public, 1954, 127 pp., $2.00) is a description of Three Rivers today. Mme Reine Malouin's *La Seigneurie Notre-Dame des Anges* (Société historique de Québec, Cahiers d'Histoire, no 7, 40 pp., 50¢) is a record of civilized life on a piece of land in a fold of the St. Charles river near Quebec.

M. Jacques Rousseau has been travelling in new fields. While looking for subarctic flora in the region of Lake Mistassini, M. Rousseau, a botanist, noticed a bear's head impaled on a branch of black spruce and turned his mind from flowers to Indian culture. His studies of "pagan rites in the Quebec bush" (*Cahiers des Dix*, nos 18, 19) have more than a scientific significance. They make us wonder, for example, what Andrée Maillet's idea was in writing the fiction she called *Moose*. Prolonged missionary effort has not succeeded in dethroning the primitive faith, taboos, and belief in the truth of dreams which exist in the hearts of the Indians of the northern Quebec forests. Animistic and Christian practices pursue parallel courses. The history of the white man's knowledge of Indian rites strengthens the impression that we are in the presence of immemorial and unchanging religious customs. Three rites are studied as typical of the Indian's animism, rites in which he communicates directly with the spirit world: the shaking tent rite, the sweat bath, and the bear feast. Our religious memory is likely to identify the first of these with the art of the Witch of Endor. If it is used at times as a physical remedy the sweat bath, says M. Rousseau, is first of all a

spiritual medicine and a means of influencing the spirits of animals. In his ritual bear feast the Indian communicates directly with the spirit of the most noble of animals; by eating and assimilating its flesh the virtues of the bear are communicated to him.

III

1955 was a year of remembrance for Acadians: the two hundredth anniversary of *le grand dérangement*. It provided the text for preachers, demagogues, journalists, poets, and historians like M. Rumilly. In *Poèmes acadiens* (Fides, 143 pp., $1.50) the abbé N.-P. Landry expresses his gratitude to Longfellow, saying: "Your immortal poem illumines history. The listener feels tears well up in his eyes. Your glory crowns a martyred people with a halo." Longfellow's poem seems to satisfy a hunger for national glory:

> Tout un peuple épris de splendeurs,
> Redira tes chants de lumière!
> De là, fleurira sa grandeur.

A dazzling crown of martyrdom is a ghostly presence that alarms us in this poetry. *Evangeline* is a song of love. It teaches us a lesson of self-sacrifice and devotion to others; we misinterpret the poem if we take it to mean that splendour, glory, and power are to be attained by glamourizing the story of our ancestors.

Carmen Lavoie's distant ancestor was a pilot. A number of poems in *Saisons de bohème* (Québec, Edns Caritas, 1954, 122 pp., $1.25) celebrate the Virgin of the Waters, sailors, cabin-boys and their mothers. Can it be that some of this poet's ancestors were monks and nuns, religious souls in cold cloisters or wearily plodding along "black roads," chilled to the bone, hoods pulled down over their heads, on their way to heaven? Pitiful creatures, beggars, barefoot or in black wooden shoes, old women in shawls, half-witted lads, dreams dancing in their heads, orphans, alcoholics, hanged men, and witches pass across this landscape, rich with Canadian insights in which religion and climate mix. Tender Winter, says the poet, will rock the infant Jesus and we shall offer snow as soft as wool. October is a monk in a red robe. There are cradle songs in this collection and, for older people, a picture of Time the old Gypsy man forever moving his caravan:

> Mais le spectacle est court. Au tournant du chemin,
> Déjà, déjà le Temps, le grand vieillard bohème
> Arrachant l'oripeau qui flotte à son front blême
> Fait grincer la roulotte où l'on implore en vain.

Marguerite Drouin-O'Donoughue is a personal poet with a *Secret Désir* (Fides, 188 pp., $2.00): "Evoquer cette mort qu'en moi l'âme désire." And this secret is the source of luminous intuitions. Death has come into her life and now she understands that "there is nothing inhuman in death." By her secret she has discovered the poetic truth of the unity of experience, that heart-beats are many-coloured thoughts. The bareness of telegraph poles, the "sinister grey cloak" they wear, which is the knowledge of the death in their tree-life: that is an insight of her secret desire. So also the intuition of the law of gravity of the soul. Newton, she asks, you who saw the apple fall,

> Tes yeux immatériels
> ont-ils cette acuité
> Leur permettant de voir
> la loi de gravité
> Qui régit, ici-bas,
> nos invisibles âmes?

Law, she says, of "terrible, double attraction, law of sublime flights and ignoble falls, law of beatitude and damnation!"

Philippe Matteau writes: "To go to you, beautiful unknown one, I had to cross an ice bridge. I did not dare and now that the sun has drunk it I am isolated." The poetry of *Pour aller vers toi* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 110 pp.) is the art of translating frigidity into wit. We judge that this poet is a devoted botanist. No wonder his unknown beauty fails to appear at the rendez-vous. She would have to cross a river and an island, where she must notice white meadow rue growing by a stream, then climb through low bush where golden rod, Labrador tea, and American laurel would escort her to a lake. There he would be waiting in a boat. M. Matteau is lost in a "vegetable" dream; his joys are pagan, his flowers have souls and his delight is to fall into the arms of frigid sirens with mysterious, Linnean names: Kalmia, Chamaedaphne, Habenaria, Brasenia.

Philosophic reflection is what we find in Gérard Bessette's *Poèmes temporels* (Monte-Carlo, Regain, 1954, 59 pp., $1.50), the principal poem of which, "Le coureur," is a meditation more in the tone of Valéry than of Lamartine, from whom the poet has taken the image of time as an ocean carrying us into an abyss. By reflection or dream the poet's soul thinks to escape the flood and regain the sense of wholeness it once knew. In the end the runner shakes himself out of his dream and, like the poet of "Le cimetière marin," answers the call to life. The swan that was once Mallarmé's, that was caught in the ice of sterile reflection,

rises into the azure sky. Because of the combat inside the poet between a rebellious creative instinct and a strong attraction towards death, this poetry takes the form of a "colloque sentimental," as in "Entretien nocturne":

> . . . Lindamire, ô ma sœur, ne sens-tu pas frémir
> En ton âme de vierge un immense désir?
>
> . . . Je ne me souviens plus de mes amours défunts.
>
> . . . Aux cœurs silencieux qu'un même songe unit
> La vaste nuit propose un échange infini . . .

or the original form of a double vision of sunset splendour, as in "Deux perspectives crépusculaires" where the soul of Astate, a "fatal spectre" brooding on the shores of the ocean, "agitates in vain the panic phantasms of his Satanic revolt" because he cannot hold the "virgin prey" of the red-haired Ophtalme, whose spirit is the splendour of the setting sun.

From a publisher's announcement we learn that Georges Cartier is a young poet, born 1929. One of the key words in his second collection of verse, *La Mort à vivre* (Montréal, Edns de Muy, 44 pp., $1.00), is "presence." Like Montpetit, he sees a landscape that has been humanized; he loves it because he sees evidences of a human presence; but his reactions are human rather than racial. Here is "Signe":

> Nous avons découvert ce sentier qui longe la fôret
> Et s'infiltre dans le sous-bois
> Et force la densité des troncs
> Et pénètre et serpente
> Veine mouvante sous la chair du feuillage.
>
> La forêt vit de ce sentier
> Qui monte à nos yeux
> Et force l'aridité de notre âme.
>
> Tout le paysage devient aimé
> De cette seule présence
> Et nous entrons en la fôret
> Sans plus de crainte
> Et libre!

His notion of the continuity of human life is bound up with a sense of man's communion with nature. In "Voix marines" sea and boat are sex symbols, human generations are born by man's going down to the sea in ships in answer to distant "sea voices," muffled in long flowing weeds, calling over the seas of man's history. The boat returns to the sunshine

of the bay "so that, throughout the ages, the sea may always rock new little boats."

Mais à présent la baie
Entre ses sables chauds
Enserre la barque frêle
Qui ne saura plus être
Sur le ventre de la mer
Qu'un lourd désir porté
Et la mer ne sera plus
Qu'une eau massive déchirée
D'une blessure essentielle.

La barque est rendue
Souvenir égaré
Au soleil de la baie
Pour qu'à travers les âges
La mer berce toujours
Des barques renouvelées.

"Path" is the witness of man's penetration of the mysterious "forest" of death whereby death is humanized; man has "a death to live." To express this idea the poet uses a geometrical figure, circle and radius, or a literary figure. Ophelia, he says, will always remain a presence, her hair forever bound to the weary branches of the willow. Death, for this poet, is the most intimate of "presences." Death is at the centre of life, of everything, "like a unique flower in the centre of the garden," and we need "to know death to incarnate life." In "In Memoriam" he speaks of his dead brother as unbelievably "present." Each of us is a dead man, life is a mad death and we all live dead. We are paradoxes and enigmas and, as such, vessels of strength in the brotherhood of men.

In Gatien Lapointe, as in many young poets, spiritual anguish manifests itself in a riot of symbolism and synesthesia. By a vision of ships he expresses the idea of a joy that has departed: "Il n'y a plus de bateaux aux ports des matins." At one moment he has a joyful vision of a new morality, of "shining truth on the frontiers of the city." At another it is sadness that he hears, the sad music of an accordion, lost, afar, coming "through the disorders of the world." From Garneau he has learned the power of symbols, the charm of multiple images, and the courage to look into the inner chamber where each man meets his god. Birds, stars, snow, dead water, fire that consumes and purifies are springs of feeling in *Otages de la joie* (Edns de Muy, 44 pp., $1.00). On almost every page we come upon the word "child" in contexts which remind

us of Garneau's idea of poetic creation as a child's game. The difference between a spiritless morality and a morality of the spirit is presented in a child's pantomime: a child with the sun in its hand is playing in a dead street, building incredible games which passers-by, preoccupied with serious problems, do not notice:

> L'enfant ignore tout des coutumes
> Mais connaît le soleil
> Pour qui il dessine un grand fleuve au creux de sa main
>
> Son pays est garni de chevaliers invisibles
> Qu'il apprivoise de ses yeux couleur de terre
> Il leur apprend les villes silencieuses du soleil
>
> Mais tous les hommes mangent à sa table
> Puis les oiseaux, les saisons
>
> L'enfant me dit de regarder le soleil dans sa main.

In the "transfigured kingdom of the child" this poet finds joy, light, confidence, "beautiful certitude," "humility to be won," and catches the idea of rebirth. A special significance is discovered by identifying the child with the newborn divine Child whose voice has the purity of an adventure in snow:

> Et comment le reconnaître, l'Enfant mystérieux
> Cet autre dont la voix est la force de mes pas
> Dans la neige.

In 1954 a group of young writers—Gilles Carle, Olivier Marchand, Gaston Miron, Jean-Guy Pilon, Hélène Pilotte, and Louis Portugais—calling themselves L'Hexagone, began publishing booklets of poems in a collection they named Les Matinaux, in honour of the French poet René Char. Some of the most significant poetry this year has appeared in this collection. We shall speak of three Hexagone poets, all still under thirty years of age. Jean-Paul Filion, born 1927, is a painter who has found the aesthetic way of life a hard way to climb. Filion is the figure of the soul that goes hungry in a world where the harvest of spiritual food has failed. In "Un sans abri" he presents a homeless man with nothing to eat. In another poem a small boat is adrift, foul weather having taken the place of intoxicating dreams; the wind is "trying to blow out the last candles of the night." In "Rien à manger" a "satin bird" has taken off with a harvest and soared into absolute freedom. From the quick-sand where he is left, alone and hungry, the poet sees "blue

fire like arrows hanging from islands of vapour," "fire like bread in the mouths of those who have the power to harvest their food in the fields of the sky." Filion has made himself a "geography," an "island-city," immense network of bridges, roads, railways, rivers, into which he must plunge to find his daily bread, "submerged by the force of the All-Powerful Bread," as he calls it in "Géographie du labeur quotidien," and "bruised by the force of his own impotence."

il faut plonger
plonger passer son corps
de la falaise à l'eau brune de poussière
son corps enlisé embastillé emmuselé
submergé par la force du Pain Tout-Puissant
et meurtri par la force de sa propre impuissance

ici le corps sert le pain
comme un sacristain le Monseigneur

le pain
ce pauvre petit dieu orgueilleux
couronné d'amertume
enfariné de douleur
et gagné par simple amour des siens.

The association of daily bread earned in the city with the bread of the Mass translates the bitter irony of his hunger for spiritual food. Child of pious parents, he was "impregnated with holy water" but undernourished; he failed to develop and was "cast out into the rain." There were days of hunger and fear and nothing to eat;

c'était au temps des neiges primitives
au temps lointain de la vie sans racines
les enfants prenaient peu à peu la garde du monde
sans le dire à personne.

In the poetry of Luc Perrier, born 1931, the revelation of the death in life brings into play two opposing forces which unite and reach to infinity. This union is the figure of the poet's courage to live. Even if in our loneliness there is no place for laughter, even if life has not kept its promise, even if someone is dead who but yesterday, Monday, ate at our table, even if we face a blank wall of misfortune, "the day has to be begun again." Perhaps that is the meaning of the title of this collection of poems *Des jours et des jours* (Collection les Matinaux; Montréal, Edns de l'Hexagone, 1954, 30 pp., 75¢). There can be no question of giving up the fight, of laying down our arms.

Même si nos solitudes
n'ont pas eu
la place d'un rire
même si la vie
n'a pas encore été
la prière d'hier soir
la promesse d'à matin
même si quelqu'un est mort
aujourd'hui lundi
quelqu'un qui mangeait à notre table ...

et même si nous perdons jour
en face d'un mur
à pétrir un pain de malchance
il n'est pas question
de laisser tomber nos armes....

At first there is shock, the shock of the callousness of people, and the sense of a heaven that has gone:

Tu es parti
ton visage sous le bras
et c'est comme
si tu avais emporté
le ciel avec toi....

Soldiers, drawn from the misery of trenches, set out along a road joyful as children, with light on their brows, their hands full of flowers, and return with their hands full of blood. Yet death is a high adventure which brings the poet back to life:

Mourir en plein vertige
à la poursuite d'ombres
jusqu'au dernier sommet
mourir d'aventures

Et revenir à la vie
comme bateau à son rivage
et reprendre le premier rêve
celui qui a percé comme une dent.

Of the thought that the poet dies to live again in a stream of endless life Luc Perrier has made a ballet. A "lost child, a male child, rolls the landscape round his waist" and another, a female child who has been "found again," wraps herself in the dance and the two children take hands "to raise higher the last corner of the dance." As the dance proceeds she becomes one with the river in whose arms she moves away

beyond the farthest star. At the price of death drumming in his ears this poet has won a princely courage to live. In his "little kingdom," "wedged in the eternity of himself," he "digs into the very marrow of time," listening:

Parfois j'entends marcher
dans les murs
les murs tambour battant
et je me demande
si c'est toujours la vie
ou l'approche de la mort
la mort
qui craque dans les toits
qui se lamente aux arbres
qui tourne sa clef
dans la serrure de nos os
la mort notre fer forgé
la mort entre nous
la mort en trois actes
la mort sur une assiette de porcelaine

la mort
mais je n'ai pas de cœur pour elle

Fernand Ouellette, born 1930, is the poet of the absolute. He has read St. Francis, Pascal, Léon Bloy, Dostoevsky, Saint John Perse and, nearer home, Alain Grandbois of *Les Iles de la nuit*. As we read the cryptic poems in *Ces Anges de sang* (Collection les Matinaux; Edns de l'Hexagone, 30 pp.), we think of the St. John who, "in the spirit," saw red dragons, winged beasts, angels standing round thrones and rich men hiding in caves. Gatien Lapointe found the significance of rebirth by identifying his "child" with the mysterious, divine Child. Ouellette's poetic experience is the glory of bloody sacrifice obtained by identifying man's suffering with Christ's passion. He sees Christian man and his god; the law that binds them is the law of identity; man and his god suffer bloody death and stainless glory. As St. John says: "I am in the Father and the Father in me." The key poem in this collection is "Le Christ galérien." This is a new name: Christ the galley-slave. But the point is the identity of man and Christ. The poet exclaims: "O face of Christ! face of man" and "O body of Christ! body of all flesh crucified on the tree of our fault." Man's abasement, then, his vileness and guilt, his frantic search for shelter, his longing for purification, are absolute. But also his glory, for, having died in the flesh, he partakes of the divine nature. This experience is expressed with the aid of St. John and Léon

Bloy. The poet's eyes are horrified to see the light of the world devoured by a rampant beast; abysses of space, in their terror, refuse him shelter; pain is timeless, abiding in the wounds of "the Poor Man"; nowhere can he purify his blood-sucking hands.

> Par la mélopée oppressante
> dévorante des pas rampants de la bête
> s'engloutit de Christ l'infinie figure.
> Par la conquête au mont muet de Sa haute mort
> des rochers l'effroi déchire la chair noire ...
>
> O débâcle de mes yeux!
> ô panique du soleil!
> dans le torrent de cyclones de Sa voix tout pétris.
> O ma vie momifiée dans l'alcôve de ma fange!
> Où me retrouver?
> où mendier mon visage, mon sein
> encor brûlant du sang de l'éternité?
> Et ces abîmes!
> qui me renient terrifiés, et ce temps!
> qui se précipite dans les plaies du Pauvre.
> Où me réfugier?
> où purifier mes mains vampires?

Then, as the body of Christ, the poet dies to the flesh and he is reborn a glorious creature. Here the idea of "presence" attains its highest significance. The poet seeks his "presence" in the grave of the death of Christ:

> au noir de tes membres j'entends de Ta gloire
> la blanche déchirure,
> et me frôlent de grands vols d'ange dans la fosse
> de Ta mort.

In an earlier version he expressed it more simply:

> ô Dieu-galérien lié aux pas de ma vie
> je cherche ma présence dans la fosse de Ta mort.

It is through bloody death that man attains angelic being. In "Pas d'ange sur les ruines" the poet expresses this thought as a vision of an "angel of limpid hungers" coming from "a landscape of blood" to "a lake of ashes, stone, night, to offer its fire to the chant of hands, to sow its dawns in the eyes of wounds." In the guise of a vision it is a prayer for the healing of our souls, for the restoration of passion to our devotion. Vision and prayer are indistinguishably mixed. Hear his supplication for deliverance from a vault of dry bones:

Ah! quand viendrez-vous Seigneur
comme un tourbillon de lumière
éventrer la voûte du profond charnier des hommes?

Synesthesia, the intoxication of spiritual vision, is the ritual language of sacrifice and rebirth. These young poets live in the presence of death; they know that death is the law of rebirth and renewal of life. A religious thinker like Father Louis Lachance would not fail to recognize in them the special and poetic sign of a revolution in the collective soul of French Canada.

Another and still younger group calling themselves "La Cascade" appears in *15 poètes 55 poèmes* (Montréal, Edns de la Cascade, Collège Sainte-Marie, 94 pp., $1.25). These fifteen poets are students at the Collège Sainte-Marie at Montreal, where the philosophers have discovered a "new humanism." Multiple images that flourish everywhere and children's games make it a garden of budding Garneaus. The atmosphere is charged with loneliness, dreams, and tears, with a memory of children who have run away and stars that have flown away. There is a pretty fiction of a memory falling to earth, taking root and nourishing a life that is thirsting for light. A ballad of three lean monks and three lean nuns is noteworthy. It creates a kind of wit known as *fantaisie* by making three sour, ugly nuns laugh after pretending to be very pious when they met three lean monks. There is a tinge of bitterness in Cléophas Godin, a mystic who speaks of an "inner empire" and an "outer castle."

Teachers in institutions where French-Canadian literature is read will welcome Miss Laure Rièse's anthology, *L'Ame de la poésie canadienne française* (Toronto, Macmillan, xxxii, 263 pp., $4.00, cloth, $2.75, paper). Twenty poets are represented, most of them by four or five poems; Nelligan by twenty. Besides a general introduction of fourteen pages in which she discusses the four periods of French-Canadian poetry Miss Rièse writes short introductions to each of the twenty poets. The book contains no selections from the "very primitive" poets of the first period and none from the very modern poets François Hertel and Alain Grandbois.

Realizing that there is very little work by French-Canadian poets available in English translation Messrs Gael Turnbull and Jean Beaupré of Iroquois Falls, Ontario, are preparing a series of mimeographed pamphlets with French text and English translation on opposite pages. Stapled in coloured covers, these booklets are very attractive and may

be had without charge. So far three poets have appeared: Saint-Denys-Garneau, Roland Giguère, and Paul-Marie Lapointe.

## IV

Certain novels offer little more than the comfort of familiar sentiments. It is possible that readers of Mme Béatrix Boily's *Sur la brèche* (Montréal, Chantecler, 264 pp., $2.50) may be charmed to think that in the heart of François Champagne, "descendant of seven generations" of farmers, pride of race and love of the soil burn like a living flame in a holy place. But there is nothing else in the book to nourish their spirits. Mme Reine Malouin's *Cet ailleurs qui respire* (Québec, l'auteur, 1954, 251 pp., $2.00) has at least the clear virtue of a personal spiritual experience. There can be no sighing for the past, says this author, in the rugged country of Abitibi; no exaltation but that of creating. "Here men and things stretch forward to the future. Everything has to be created. The future is under our feet, waiting for human effort that will give it a face and a value."

But all men do not have the will to create the future. Look at M. René Ouvrard's heroes. M. Ouvrard has written two novels: *Débâcle sur la Romaine* (Fides, 1953, 234 pp., $2.50) and *La Veuve* (Chantecler, 288 pp., $2.00). He is interested in the man who wants to break out of family and local environment and see the world. The north country offers a way out. Jean Latour and Roch Demaison, the principal characters in the first novel, go north as trappers. Roch has parted from a girl, Lucile, who has become Jean's fiancée. On their way back Jean is bitten by a dog with rabies and Roch, who cannot bear the sight of his suffering, leaves him to perish. Thenceforth he is troubled with a guilty conscience. Persuaded that Jean is dead, Lucile marries Roch. But Jean recovers, thanks to the help of a Eudist missionary from nearby Rivolet who tries at the same time to cure his vengeful soul. Jean is all the more inclined to curse God. "Even if you are a god, you are not a good god." He follows Lucile to church where he wants to cry out: "Give me back that woman!" Lucile is ready to flee with him but Jean thinks better of it and goes back to Rivolet to become a priest. Maddened with hate, Lucile dynamites the house. She alone perishes. Roch lives on to be a rich business man. Years later, on hearing that Father Jean Latour is missing, he takes a plane and finds him, miles away from the mission, with gangrene in his foot, dying. Roch, who "lives according to his instincts," is deeply impressed by this holy man, and he is

moved to make his confession. The priest hears it, absolves him, and dies. Roch's soul is flooded with joy and light. This one book is enough to teach us that M. Ouvrard's art is spectacular and his psychology shallow. It is a theatrical demonstration of a guilty conscience, desire for revenge, and purification through the offices of the church. In going to the north country these heroes stay at home.

The chief character in *La Veuve* is, contrary to the title, the poor lad Alidor Larose who grew up on a farm near St. Leon, a village of three hundred souls set in the hill country a day's journey from Quebec. The folk are peaceful, untroubled by high ambitions, folded in on themselves. It is a typical village and a typical farm. Nearby lives a red-haired widow, Orpha, rich and lonely. After a good deal of urging by his numerous sisters Alidor consents to marry Orpha. This means a trip to Quebec to consult a lawyer about the estate. It is Alidor's first venture into the outer world. The crowds, stores, cinemas of the city dazzle him. Back in St. Leon, he marries Orpha. Once he is assured that everything on Orpha's farm has passed into his hands he buys a Buick car and goes to town. Like Lemelin's Pierre, he feels magnificent as he goes honking through the streets, admiring girls from a distance—his mother had inspired in him "a healthy fear of women and their mysterious ailments." With a vision of a golden future he invests Orpha's money in Super Gold Mine. When Orpha learns that bailiffs are to seize her farm she collapses and dies. At this point the author might have brought Alidor to sound Laurentian reason. All the sisters are standing round father and mother, "as in the portraits," and they invite Alidor to stay. But Alidor says: "At Quebec the port is full of ships. I want to go places." Slinging his knapsack over his shoulder, he goes off down the road without turning his head. But we readers know that he is not the man to go far on that adventure. Despite his expressed desire "to go places," we feel certain that he will get nowhere.

M. Jean Filiatrault has written two shocking but powerful books. He is interested in sombre, destructive passions. He sees a woman who hates her father or husband and fights to possess something she loves as her own exclusive property. Jean-Baptiste in *Terres stériles* (1953), was a "monster" of hate; so was Marie-Louise, his daughter. Hate is a "chain of fire" that links one generation to another, a "subterranean fire" seeking "an orifice through which to spit its lava." Marie-Louise hated her father because he denied her everything. When the boy Philippe came along she closed her arms around him and refused to allow even the doctor into the domain of her possessive love. She fought

to keep him and lost. Philippe's death defeated her. She flew into a rage, threw a lamp against a wall and burned her house and herself. Bastien, in the new book *Chaînes* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Livre de France, 246 pp.), is reminded of Marie-Louise when he sees a dried-up tree. She had remarkable strength of character, he thinks, for going to that extreme. Bastien's father is Marie-Louise's cousin. The insanity of hate runs in the family.

This new book contains two studies of possessive love, love that has its roots in hate. One centres around the boy Serge and his mother Eugénie. Worst of her stratagems to hold him, is her fabrication of a "lie" about her husband calculated to drive away any girl that might cast designing eyes on Serge. M. Mathieu, she tells Véronique, went mad and had to be interned. Serge too, she suggests, shows signs of madness. Out of consideration for her own happiness Véronique must never think of marrying him. Eugénie's life is a struggle for power. "To have conquered is the essential thing." When Serge maddens his mother by saying that she has made Véronique shun him, Eugénie fears he has learned her secret scheming. One evening, as he goes out to meet Véronique, she feels defeated. She sits stroking her pet cat and the thought occurs to her that if she pressed her fingers firmly around its neck, in a few minutes it would be dead. "Never would she consent to part with her son; no one would take him from her. Against them all she would continue to love him with her heart, with her flesh also, in the darkness of her flesh." The power of his mother's vengeful spirit paralysed Serge. He was unable to hold Véronique. But if Eugénie won this battle she lost her battle with Alban, Véronique's brother. Serge's discovery of their affair puts him into a torrent of jealousy and he resolves to leave. Into a suitcase he puts a photograph of his mother with her cat on her knees. But Serge, his mother knew, could not get away from her. "They were chained by bonds that could resist every other passion." Let him marry a girl and "she would glide stealthily between them and accomplish her work of destruction." Eugénie was stroking her cat and to match action with thought she pressed her fingers into its throat and strangled it. "My God! What have I done? What am I?" she screamed.

For Filiatrault, it seems, strangling a pet cat is a ritual act whereby a woman's vengeful soul reaps the consolation of an exclusive and eternal love. This situation is developed in the second study, "The Chain of Blood," where the officiant is the son, Bastien. Like Philippe, he is a sick boy; his mother can pet him. He has a black cat, Noireau, on his bed. His mother is unhappy, ill-treated by her husband. Hearing

her scream Bastien felt like killing his father. His fingers, as they caressed the cat, pressed its delicate throat. The animal leaped off the bed and turned its eyes on him, "terribly green and sparkling with fright." "I don't know," he reflected, "why I like that fright." Later he killed the cat, saying by way of justification: "Noireau suffered from old age. It asked only to die. I killed it because I loved it. That was logical." Because he killed the cat his father said he must leave the house. The mother, protesting, threw herself on the boy's bed and sobbed: "Your father is trying to separate us." As her head lay on the pillow Bastien dried her tears with his fingers which moved over her face and suddenly grasped her throat and held it till she lay dead beside him. Here Filiatrault develops a super-vital logic of consolation, something such souls seek but cannot find in life. Bastien is interned in a mental hospital which he takes to be a hotel; waiters and guests alike are dressed in white. He lives by a "logic" which is "above life." The masses of people on "the other shore" are slaves to work, the dead are alive, and the living are unworthy of being dead. Suddenly, after the sun has gone down, the beloved mother you have strangled comes and sits on your bed. "When you are dead and live, it is with the things that you desire that you live . . . with things and beings as you wish them to be eternally." We have the impression that we are listening to Nerval.

> Last night she came and she consoled me. . . . Suddenly, in the darkness, I saw her sitting beside me on the bed. She put out her arms and took my face in her hands, bent over me and said: "My darling—how are you?" She added: "I am happy to be dead. I can love you now and no one can reproach me for loving only you, nobody. You mustn't regret what you have done. . . ." All her words entered into me like a balm. . . . It was my turn to speak. "Mama, I love you only." And as soon as those words were uttered, sadness left me as if by charm. Mama's presence faded away. Her smile was the last to disappear. . . . I cannot contain myself with joy. She is mine and I am hers and nothing can separate us.

Bertrand Vac's experience is that of his Captain Grenon in *Deux Portes . . . une adresse* (1952). He returned from war in Europe and found that he could no longer consider himself a real French Canadian. Narrow-mindedness, mental stagnation, and clerical dictatorship revolt him. A citizen of the world, he stands aside in his resolve to think and feel for himself. His new book, *Saint-Pépin, P.Q.* (Le Cercle du Livre de France, 272 pp., $2.00) is social criticism; the tone is detached, savage, yet light; ruthless the will to seize the last intimate detail that releases our tolerant laughter. At St. Pépin the member of the provincial

legislature has died and a new one has to be elected in his place. Desire for prestige, honour, financial gain, all the powers of these village souls are released in the battle for the seat, but we are mainly concerned with Polydor, who runs a hardware store, his wife Nini, animated solely by a vision of glory, their small boy who provides the excitement of childish mischief, Clara the maid, who finds the family's elevation to dignity somewhat irritating, and Joe, a self-seeking backer who functions as Polydor's manager. Polydor was elected. Bitter adversaries and friends alike showered him with congratulations. To her great joy Nini found herself on the same plane of dignity as the judge's wife. But even that was not the limit of her vision. "Quebec was waiting for her. People no doubt were already speaking of her in that city. In a month she would be at the opening of parliament. The newspapers would give a description of her dress. It was too wonderful!"

*Rue Deschambault* (Beauchemin, 261 pp., $2.00) is Mme Gabrielle Roy's version of the family life which her sister Marie-Anna A. Roy described in *Le Pain de chez nous* (1954). Every story in it is overcast with a delicate though often sad beauty. The father's business was to direct immigrants, Ukrainians and Ruthenians, to lands suitable for settlement. He was proud of the colony at Dunrea. For ten years he had watched it grow in the valley of the Lost River. Then a prairie fire destroyed it all. One story demonstrates the absurdity of French-Canadian ideas. When Eveline, the mother, with her youngest daughter visited relatives in Montreal she had to defend her husband against a sister-in-law who spoke of Edouard as a deserter to the English. "But Ursula, we are all subjects of the King of England. While settling colonists in the west and working for the grandeur of the country your brother has in no way denied his French-Canadian past." The mental alienation of Alicia is the most touching of these stories. She was a child with black hair and deep blue eyes in which her mind flickered for a moment only, to express the enormity of the suffering in the world.

But above all this book is a spiritual autobiography. We know now how the youngest of these children felt when her father called her "Little Misery." "No," she said to herself, "I am not misery. Never shall I be like you." A sad man, he loved to sit up at night, drink black coffee and muse. He would put his finger on a map and speak of a village he had created. He would make his daughter see tiny low houses on the plain, new homes, with people inside around a table. There was no place for xenophobia in her father's life. "*My* immigrants," he would say, as though they were members of his own family. One spring night,

when the frogs were singing triumphantly, this daughter was possessed by the desire to be a writer. Her mother warned that "this gift is a mishap in a way, it drives other people away from you, it separates you from everybody almost." But the daughter accepted her destiny. "I hoped," she says, "that I could have everything, life warm and true like a shelter and also time to capture the echo of it in the depths of my soul; time to walk and time to stop and understand; time to withdraw into myself and then catch up to the others and cry gleefully: 'Here I am. Look what I've found on the road for you. Oh! Wait for me!' "

*Phares dans la nuit . . . et dans la vie* (Iles Laval, Qué., Edns Laval, 1954, 208 pp., $2.00), by Mme Tharsyle Ouellette-Gélinas, is an autobiographical narrative, rather sentimental, of a lighthouse-keeper's daughter who looks at life serenely despite many misfortunes and whose idea of paradise is a tiny island called St. Lucy five hundred miles north of Vancouver. The attractive passages in the book are memories of happy childhood days spent on that island. Memories of a different sort are found in *Le Pèlerinage de la grande misère* (Fides, 263 pp., $2.00) in which the author, M. Camille Lessard, recounts his experiences in a concentration camp in Touraine during the Second World War.

M. Philippe La Ferrière's *Philtres et poisons* (Montréal, Edns du Cerbère, 1954, 166 pp., $1.50) is a collection of tales in which slightness of theme seems to call for gorgeous display of decoration. It is baroque and fantaisist art used to the end of creating refined mockery of such familiar obsessions as ancestor worship, desire for revenge, "cordial geography," and Laurentian man's guilt complex. "Fantaisie sur un thème ancien" is richest in colour and perfume. Felix, surnamed the Bull Hearted, who first saw the light on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, finds himself riding through the kingdom of Rachild Aben-Apu caressing the hope that he may meet once again the beautiful dancer Zilda Prunier of the Folies Bergères. In the palace where she has prepared a welcome for him Zilda exhausts the resources of her oriental arts to charm her trans-Atlantic visitor, but Felix is saved by a vision of his mother in St. Cunégonde where she sells "hot-dogs watered with spruce beer, so cold, so refreshing."

Philippe La Ferrière is also the author of a successful radio sketch entitled *Le Démon* (Edns du Cerbère, 1953, 69 pp., $1.00). *Claudine et les écueils* (Paris, Edns de l'Ermite, 1954, 63 pp., $1.75), François Hertel's latest dialogue, dramatizes his own inner life, the secret of which is loneliness, "essential incompleteness." This piece demonstrates the proposition that drama and life are synonymous and contemporane-

ous. *Zone* (*Ecrits du Canada français*, no 2), a very touching play in three acts by the talented dramatist M. Marcel Dubé, raises the question of the pernicious influence of the movies. A gang of lawless young toughs are engaged in smuggling American cigarettes, according to a system they have seen in the movies. They have a capable leader who calls himself Tarzan, the jungle man. Except one, a Judas, his followers are loyal. But the real betrayer is the leader himself. During his three-day stay in prison, where he is incarcerated for shooting a customs officer, he has an illumination in which he realizes that he is not living in films but in real life with unglamorous responsibilities to those he professes to lead. "All that is over," he says to Ciboulette, when he escapes. "Tarzan is big and strong, he triumphs over everything: animals, cannibals, bandits. I'm just an orphan and I'd like to be left quiet for one day in my life. My name is François Boudreau. I've killed a man, I've escaped from jail and I'm certain they're coming down on me." "You're still Tarzan for me," she said. He hesitated to go with her and was shot.

V

There was once a man for whom to live was to criticize, to think and feel and act according to the best standards he could find. Jules Fournier is remembered as a fighting journalist; but he was, perhaps, the best critical mind of his period, 1884–1918. M. Adrien Thério devotes the last chapters of *Jules Fournier, journaliste de combat* (Fides, 245 pp., $2.00) to Fournier as a critic and stylist. Fournier was fond of Voltaire, Baudelaire, Renan, Anatole France, Jules Lemaître; "Canadian literature does not exist." When criticism does not exist, he maintained, you search in vain for literature and there is no criticism in Canada. Canadians do not know how to distinguish a work that has some value from one that has none. And while he was making these statements he was collecting pieces from eighty-three poets for his *Anthologie des poètes canadiens* and writing critical articles which are masterpieces of their kind. His manner, to use his own words, was to make "pleasant mud splashes on certain faces." But his cruel comparisons were the measure of his sensitivity, the pain he suffered in the presence of false opinion, false judgment, false pretence. Excess, with Fournier, was a critical instrument for awakening the conscience of his readers. The best example of his method in literary criticism is an article entitled "Let those who have eyes see." It is directed to a work that had been praised by the abbé Camille Roy, the popular nationalist critic of the day, and its purpose, in part, is to unmask this pretender, to demonstrate that he is

utterly devoid of critical intelligence. Fournier begins by covering M. Roy with titles: he is a graduate of the "Collège de Rome, licencié ès lettres of the Sorbonne, a great traveller, a great student, an author who has written works that are highly appreciated. . . ." On M. Roy's advice, he has looked into the book for the beauties M. Roy has found in it: "This book, which M. Roy admires so much, not only lacks style and grammar, it constitutes from beginning to end the most lugubrious piece of buffoonery that has ever seen the light of day in this fair land."

Fournier applied his art to the living. Scholars in university halls usually apply theirs to dead authors. But if there is still something living in the authors they disinter, their critical labours may not be in vain. What, we may ask, is still alive in the work of Fréchette? Guy Sylvestre and Jean Désy regard him as the Canadian Hugo who hailed the New World hero and greeted America as the "saviour of the world." Curiously enough that heroic voice is dead now, and what remains? An art, "more realist" than that of his contemporaries, of describing nature and telling stories about types of people his fellow Canadians recognize and delight to meet. As his dissertation, *Louis Fréchette, prosateur* (Lévis, Le Quotidien, 238 pp., $2.00), abundantly shows, Dr. George A. Klinck has gone to enormous pains to locate and make us appreciate the prose writings of Fréchette, many of which, outside the collection called *Originaux et détraqués*, slumber in journals and magazines of the time.

Brother Lévis Fortier's *Le Message poétique de Saint-Denys-Garneau* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 230 pp., $2.50) deals with a writer who, though dead, is alive in a very real sense. Garneau, for M. Fortier, is a poetic witness of the "void that oppresses our time," who marks the need of returning, after the experience of human insufficiency, to the contemplation of first and last things. He sees "the mysterious theatre of his soul" with its two hills, life and death, and the lake between where the poet stands, alone, in the "valley of his contemplation." He sees a poet who realizes that man is a microcosm and attempts "to remake the synthesis of the universe in function of his destiny," as a child builds its world with its blocks. M. Fortier traces the graph of Garneau's spiritual evolution from 1935 to 1943, especially noting the highest point where the poet found "rest, resignation, inner freedom, joyful certitude," before the night of black despair. M. Fortier is aware of all that has been written on Garneau; perhaps he adds to our understanding of the poet by such concepts as "Barresian spirituality" and "integral realism." It now remains to show that Garneau, by what Jean Le Moyne calls "urgency of the absolute," by his courage to descend into the

theatre of his soul, by his need to strip his being to the bone, lives and grows in the poetry of young men like Gatien Lapointe and Fernand Ouellette.

The man who knew Garneau most intimately was Jean Le Moyne, and to enter into the theatre of Garneau's soul, of the collective soul of French Canada, perhaps, there is no better way than by an article of his that appeared in *Cité Libre* (no 12) under the title of "L'atmosphère religieuse au Canada français." "Our religion today," says Le Moyne, "is clericalism and, as such, irresistibly disposed to inquisitorial domination." "Guilt gives the drama of our religious conscience its true dimensions." "Dualism is the foundation of French-Canadian philosophy." We have lost "the sense of human wholeness" and the joy of "reconciliation with ourselves." "Infernal regions exhaled a mistrust of everything that flowered joyfully on this earth and everywhere there opened before our eyes perspectives of suffering." That is why Garneau shivered for his soul as he beheld the beauty of a sunset. Another way of approach is described by Gérard Pelletier in "Dialogue sur un suicide" which appears in the same magazine. In this country there is only one morality, only one way of life, and he who refuses to walk in that way finds himself in a desert. "Here," says Pelletier, "unbelievers are like wanderers who have left the caravan and, as no other passes this way, they live in an inhuman solitude." Solitude, then, is "the state of a man who rejects the Christian synthesis and can find no other." Solitude is a way of approach to the souls whose tragedy may be witnessed in the pages of Robert Elie and André Giroux.

Again, in the same magazine, we find an important article entitled "Idéologie et crise de conscience du Canada français" in which the author, M. Marcel Rioux, uses his science of ethnology to find a way of approach. M. Rioux observes three kinds of mentality: the "mythic" or romantic mentality that cherishes an exalted idea of French culture; the historical mentality, the defender of "our national doctrine"; and the existentialist mentality. The last is the mentality, M. Rioux suggests, that indicates the road we should follow. It examines the present condition of things and asks how a human being, born in French Canada, is equipped to fulfil his life as a man and tries to find out how he compares with men of other nationalities. It seeks to judge problems not in relation to myth but in relation to a person engaged in the realization of his potentialities. Since this is the attitude of the proletariat and of "engaged" social scientists and contemporary philosophers M. Rioux favours a "left" which will fight stagnation, romanticism, and a "fossilized ideology" in the name of "the right to be men."

VI

This review concludes with mention of a varied group of works. First come biographical volumes. M. Marcel Trudel confesses that ever since he made a study of Voltaire's influence in Canada he has been haunted by Chiniquy and has wanted to write a book about him. With the publication of *Chiniquy* (Edns du Bien Public, xl, 339 pp., $3.50) a load must have fallen off his mind. Another biographer, Father Léon Pouliot, is poring over piles of papers left by Bishop Bourget. He feels that previous writers have not done justice to the subject. His aim is to describe Mgr Bourget's attitudes and note his influence in problems related to the forward march of the church. *Monseigneur Bourget et son temps* (Beauchemin, 209 pp., $2.50) is only the first of a number of volumes he intends to publish; it covers the fifteen years between 1821 and 1836, when the abbé Bourget was secretary to Mgr Lartigue and being trained, as it were, in his "school of suffering." Father P. E. Breton's *Le Grand Chef des prairies* (Edmonton, Edns de l'Ermitage, 1954, 232 pp., illus., $2.00) is a charmingly romanced biography of Father Albert Lacombe, 1827–1916, a familiar name in the region of Edmonton, and his life work among the Crees.

Such studies as Father Fernand Jetté's *La Voie de la sainteté d'après Marie de L'Incarnation* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 1954, 219 pp., $2.00) and Father Jacques Croteau's *Les Fondements thomistes du personnalisme de Maritain* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 262 pp., $4.50) are addressed to theologians. So are the studies collected under the title *L'Immaculée Conception de la Bienheureuse Vierge Marie* (Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 204 pp.).

In *Saint Augustin, humaniste* (Edns du Bien Public, 1954, 171 pp., $2.00) a classical scholar, M. Jean-Paul Trudel, inquires into his subject's knowledge of Greek and Latin authors and studies the literary, scientific, and philosophical learning of St. Augustine.

Two books deal with social problems. In *L'Ordre social* (Edns du Lévrier, 183 pp., $2.50) Father Michel Doran, professor of social ethics at Laval University, places social life in its moral context and deals with such topics as the situation of the family in society and the individual's relation to the state. His thought is based on the "synthesis of social philosophy" he has drawn from the works of St. Thomas. *Le Civisme* (Montréal, Institut Social Populaire, 200 pp., $2.00) is a report of the meetings of the Semaines Sociales du Canada held at Cornwall, Ontario, in 1955. It might be regarded as the French Canadian's guide to citizenship.

Two other volumes are devoted to scenes beyond Canada. The title

of Mme Marie-Antoinette Grégoire-Coupal's book on Haiti, *La Charmeuse noire* (Beauchemin, 137 pp.), is intended to evoke the fascination and terror of life in that country. *Le Front des pauvres* (Fides, 1954, 291 pp., $2.50) is a literary monument erected by a French-Canadian priest, Father Joseph Ledit, to the glory of the workers of the spiritual resurrection of Mexico.

One of the most beautiful books that has come to our attention is *Divertissements littéraires* (Les Trois-Rivières, Edns Trifluviennes, 394 pp., $4.00), by Mlle Claude Francis. It is a collection of medieval and Renaissance texts, accompanied by numerous photographs of paintings, manuscripts, cathedrals, and castles, and forms the first volume in a series of four, the last of which is to be devoted to Canadian literature. This work is a "living anthology," a "dramatic resurrection" of social and family life. Intended for use in women's colleges, the accent is on the feminine note; students begin by attending a soirée in the great hall of the castle of Marie de Champagne and emerge at the court of Henry III.

We should also mention *Etudes sur le parler français au Canada* (Presses Universitaires Laval, 221 pp.), which contains articles by various scholars on place-names, popular names of plants, borrowings from English, words used in the arts and crafts, and a linguistic atlas of French Canada.

Finally, a new magazine called *Points de vue* has appeared (Saint-Jérôme, Qué., C.P. 25, vol. I, no. 1, sept. 1955, 34 pp., 25¢); it aims to direct attention to all aspects of Canadian life, including the life of a Canadian author.

## XII. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES

*Watson Kirkconnell*

This, the twenty-first year that I have covered in these annual surveys, has shown much the leanest harvest yet in the field of *belles lettres.* There has been no drama, no original poetry of any dimensions, and not even any new fiction by Canadians. There have been, however, three notable reprints of Ukrainian fiction. One is *The Hanger-on*, first published in 1869 by Ivan Nechuj-Levyts'kyj (1838–1918), when the denationalizing of the Ukrainians at Russian hands was particularly violent. This early work was largely concerned with the dilemma of the

intelligentsia in such times. Another substantial work is *In the Talons of the Two-headed Eagle*, by Alexander Luhowy, a pen-name for Alexis William Ovrutzny-Schwabe. This is a reprint of Part I of a huge trilogy, *By Iron and Blood*, dealing with the struggle of the Ukrainian nation for liberty in eastern Europe in the 1914–17 period, a struggle from which the author himself barely escaped to Canada with his life. No such escape was possible for "Sava Krylach" (Lyudvyk Sidletskyj), whose novel, *The Fighter for Independence*, has been brought out in three pocket-size volumes by Ivan Tyktor for the Ukrainian Book Club in Toronto. Sidletskyj was a fighter in the Ukrainian underground and was reported in Poltava in the spring of 1943; but thereafter he vanished without a trace, ground to powder between the upper millstone of the Gestapo and the nether millstone of the N.K.V.D. His novel deals with the Ukraine of an earlier period and permits some of its characters to escape to America at the end, but the chapters bear such ominous titles as "Fright," "The Conspirators," "The Trials," "Tension," "Terror," "Horror," "The Fire," "Calamity," "Despair," and "The Law of the Sword." Luhowy's great historical novel paints on a far wider canvas, but both works are full of action.

Poetry on a very small scale appears in four modest collections: *The Little Collection of Christmas Carols*, printed in Ukrainian by the Orthodox Church in Winnipeg; a selection of Byelorussian prose and verse dealing nostalgically with the Polesia district; a larger and more significant collection, *Fighting Wheat-Ears*, issued periodically by the Byelorussians of Toronto and recording at great length the past and present literary work of the revolutionary poets who fight for national freedom against Russian tyranny; and the first of a series of Yiddish chapbooks, *Montreal Issues*, with verses by such poets as Ida Massey and N. J. Gotlib, and an essay by I. Goldkorn on the poet-martyr, Irkhmial Neuberg.

Scholarship has been pre-eminently a Ukrainian achievement. For example, last May there came to my desk the fourth and final volume of a monumental edition of the verse of the Ukraine's greatest poet, Taras Shevchenko (1814–1861). Planned to help commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada, the four big volumes total almost two thousand pages. The editor has been the exiled Ukrainian scholar, Professor Leonid Biletsky, and the work has been printed by the Trident Press, Winnipeg, for the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences. Volume I covers the poet's life and work up to 1842; volume II runs from 1843 to 1847; in volume III we have his poetry from 1847

to 1856; while the concluding volume runs from 1857 until his death in 1861. The poetry of each year is accompanied by voluminous scholarly notes—historical, biographical, critical, and textual. Every effort has been made to arrive at a satisfactory text; and each volume concludes with an elaborate critical apparatus. Volume IV also contains essays on Shevchenko's *Weltanschauung*, his Romanticism, his aesthetics, and his prosody. Shevchenko was also a fine painter, trained in St. Petersburg, and many of his oils and water-colours have been reproduced in the present volume. The whole Ukrainian-Canadian community will take satisfaction in so fundamental a work having been achieved far away from the libraries and academies of their enslaved Fatherland; and even non-Ukrainian Canadians may feel pride in its production on Canadian soil.

Of comparable dimensions is an 1163-page *Ukrainian-English Dictionary*, the culmination of ten years of toil by Professor C. H. Andrusyshen, of the University of Saskatchewan, with the assistance of his wife, Helen Virginia Andrusyshen, and of J. N. Krett, and with heavy subventions from the Rockefeller Foundation and the East European Fund. This is the first really large Ukrainian-English dictionary published anywhere and one of the largest and most complete published in any language. Its spelling is based on a system accepted by a conference of Ukrainian grammarians and philologists at Kharkiv in 1928, rather than on the later systems by which Moscow has sought to russify this independent language in the interests of Great Russian policy. The purpose of the volume is made clear in the first sentence of the Foreword: "The chief aim of the compilers of this dictionary was to amass and explain the greatest available lexical material in order to make possible the understanding of Ukrainian texts of diverse character: belletristic, scholarly, scientific, journalistic, and even those with dialectal colouring." Dr. Andrusyshen explains that an additional list of highly technical scientific terms is still being gathered from some sixty collections of specialized nomenclature and will produce a further volume of equally large dimensions for the use of specialists. Two or three excellent grammars of the Ukrainian language have been published in recent years and should combine with this present lexicographical masterpiece to give a new impetus to Ukrainian studies in the New World.

A notable piece of Hebrew scholarship is Rabbi Chaim Denburg's edition of the famous *Shulhan Aruk* of Joseph Caro (1488–1575), a code of Hebrew Law that exercised unquestioned sway over European

Jewry from the sixteenth century until the nineteenth. Rabbi Denburg reprints Rabbi Caro's Hebrew text and the glosses of his contemporary, Moses Isserles, together with his own English translation, a monumental commentary drawing on the whole body of relevant erudition, with indices and a glossary. A first volume came out in 1954; and the year 1955 has seen the appearance of a second volume of his great work, which may be thus summarized in the words of his own preface:

> The Laws of Judges . . . introduce the student of Hebrew Law to the fascinating and intriguing study of the powers, compositions and functions of the Jewish Courts of Law; the attitude of the Judge to the litigants; the qualifications of Judges and the grounds on which they are disqualified; the laws of arbitration; the manner in which the verdict is announced; dispute between litigants regarding the place of trial; the Judges' liability to make restitution and reversing the verdict in the case of error and manifold other problems related thereto.

There are occasional vivid passages, as when the Judge "should always picture himself as if he had a sword lying over his neck and as if Gehenna were open under him" (p. 104) and "One who curses an Israelite, even if he curses himself . . . receives lashes" (p. 338). It is laid down that "two scholars who hate each other are forbidden to sit in judgment" (p. 90) lest they cancel out each other's verdicts. When there is a wiser scholar in town, it is a sin for a judge not to consult him (p. 130).

Scholarship on a more modest scale has been active in the monographs of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences, centred in Winnipeg. In the Onomastica series are M. Borovs'kyj's *Ukrainian Topo- and Anthroponymy in International Botanical Terminology* and Ivan Velyhors'kyj's *The Term and Name "Canada."* The former lists over 230 plants that in international nomenclature bear Ukrainian geographical names or the names of Ukrainian scientists and botanists. The latter examines several theories as to the origin and meaning of the word "Canada," depending on whether its provenance is Amerindian (Huron, Iroquois, Algonquin, Montagne or Cree), European (Spanish or Portuguese), or even Asiatic (East Indian or Hindu). In the Slavistica series are Dr. W. J. Rose's *Cradle Days of Slavic Studies*, an inaugural address as honorary president of the Canadian Association of Slavists, in which he gives wise counsel to university departments of Slavic, and Dr. J. B. Rudnyckyj's German treatise on *Slavic and Indogermanic Stress-doublets*, a phenomenon familiar in English, where words like "accent," "conduct," and "convict" can be noun or verb

depending on whether the stress falls on the first or on the second syllable. Dr. Rudnyckyj examines these stress-doublets in Old Indian, Old Greek, German, English, Latvian, Lithuanian, Bulgarian, Serb, and Slovene, and comes to the conclusion that while non-functionalized stress-doublets tend to disappear, functional ones are preserved by their grammatical necessity. Professor Rudnyckyj also produced a substantial volume of travel-impressions, *From my European Diary*, recounting his experiences as sole Canadian delegate to the fifth International Congress of Onomastic Sciences, held at the University of Salamanca, Spain; a survey of two Winnipeg Ukrainian libraries (those of the Prosvita Reading Association and of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre); and, with Volodymyr Bezuzhko, a bibliography of the publications of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences in the period 1945–55. This last is dedicated to the memory of two eminent Ukrainian professors, Dr. Dmytro Doroshenko (1882–1951) and Dr. Leonid Biletsky (1882–1955).

In the field of religion, the Metropolitan Ilarion, of Winnipeg, has authorized the issue of little volumes on *How to Behave in the Temple of God* (for children) and *Service for Lent*. Reverend Andrew H. Trukh, of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto, has published a biography of Pope Pius X, a book on the confessional, and another on the Roman Church. From the Protestant side has come a full-length "historical-biographical study" in Ukrainian of John Huss, rector of the University of Prague, who suffered martyrdom in A.D. 1415. The author is Zenon Bychyns'kyj.

The Trident Press, Winnipeg, has been bringing out a good series of Ukrainian juveniles, some of them reprints. Antin Lotots'kyj has produced a very readable story of the life of Aesop, the ancient writer of fables. In *Without a Family*, H. Mal'o deals with the wanderings and adventures of an orphan child named Il'ko. Colour is given to the tale by a little circus troupe and its dogs and monkey. *Odarka* is Andrij Chajkovs'kyj's story of a happy little girl in the country in troubled times. A reprint of *The Tale of Xenia*, a verse narrative by the distinguished poet, critic, and historian, Bohdan Lepkyj (1872–1942), was a wise addition to the juvenile gallery.

Published at Steinbach, Manitoba, by Dr. Walter Quiring, is a large 150-page illustrated survey of Mennonite colonization in Paraguay, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Mexico. *In the Sweat of thy Face* is illustrated by several hundred pictures of the cheerful zeal with which this religious community has faced the almost incredible tribulations of

clearing new farms and setting up new homes, often in the most intractable of tropical territory. Details are given concerning some twenty-three of these settlements. The Mennonite colonies in western Canada may well take pride in the courage displayed by their Dutch and German brothers in Latin America.

Two valuable social studies are Ivan Bilan's booklet on *The Social Security of Employees* and Louis Rosenberg's more substantial research papers on the population characteristics of the Jewish community of Toronto and (in much smaller compass) in Canada as a whole. Mr. Rosenberg has been the author of a whole series of statistical studies on the Jews of Canada, published during the past twenty years, as a result of which they must now be one of the best analysed groups in the entire Dominion. The following interesting facts are recorded in his final chapter of the Toronto study:

> Toronto is the third largest Jewish community in the British Commonwealth. . . . The Jewish population of Toronto has increased from 57 in 1851 to 66,773 in 1951. . . . In 1921 only 3.3 per cent of the total Jewish population of Metropolitan Toronto lived north of Bloor Street. By 1954 more than half of the Jewish population lived in the area north of Bloor Street. . . . Jews form the largest non-Anglo-Celtic ethnic group in Metropolitan Toronto. . . . The percentage of the population 65 years of age or older has tripled among the Jewish population of Toronto in the period from 1931 to 1951. . . . The percentage of married persons among the Jewish population of Toronto 15 years of age and over has increased from 57.6 per cent in 1931 to 70.7 per cent in 1951, and is higher than among any other ethnic group in Toronto. While the percentage of widowed and divorced among Jews has increased from 3.9 in 1931 to 7.3 per cent in 1951, it still remains lower than among the total population of all origins. . . . The percentage of the Jewish population in Toronto who were born in Canada or who have lived in Canada for 30 years or more has increased from 43.8 per cent in 1931 to 67.7 per cent in 1951.

Judge Walter Lindal's substantial volume, *The Saskatchewan Icelanders*, published to celebrate the golden jubilee of Saskatchewan, is a worthy monument to the spirit of a great racial community. The Icelanders in Saskatchewan were much less numerous than the main colony in Manitoba but they shared nobly in the toil and sacrifice of the transplanted Vikings. Judge Lindal, who has been nurtured on Toynbee and Curtis as well as on the sagas, has sought for leading principles in the annals of his people. He begins by analysing the deeds and character of the Icelanders in Iceland (from A.D. 874 to the present) and then goes on to trace the interaction in Canada between this maritime people and its new environment on the prairies. He finds an age of brilliant achieve-

ment up to about 1920, followed by two decades of uncertainty and confusion. Since about 1940 a pattern of permanent integration has emerged, and he ends on a note of proud satisfaction. His yardstick in all cases is the Icelandic scholarship record at university, which was meteoric in the first period, slumped very badly between the wars, and has now risen once more to honourable heights.

A welcome to contemporary immigrants into Canada has been prepared by the Citizenship Branch of the Department of Immigration in a *Handbook for Newcomers*, published not only in French and English but also in Dutch, German, and Italian. These invaluable little books cover almost every conceivable phase of a new citizen's life in this country.

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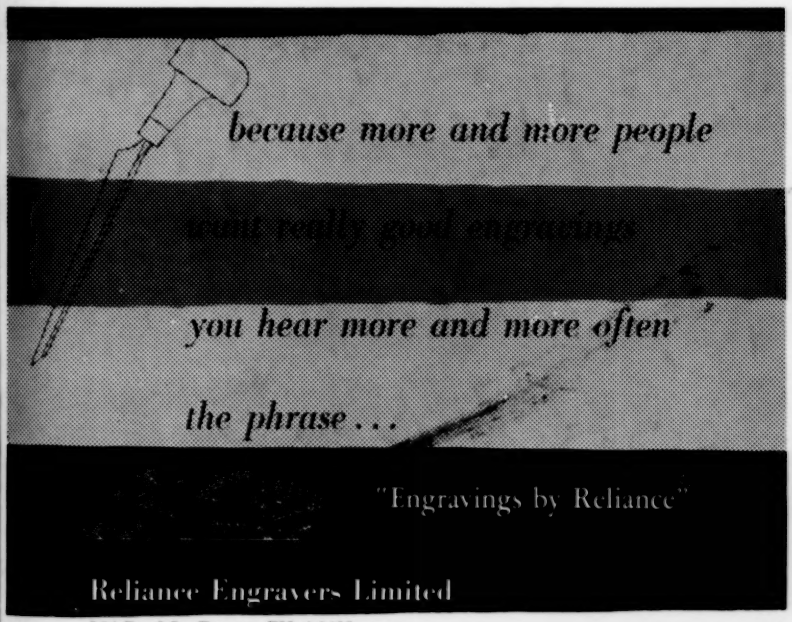
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